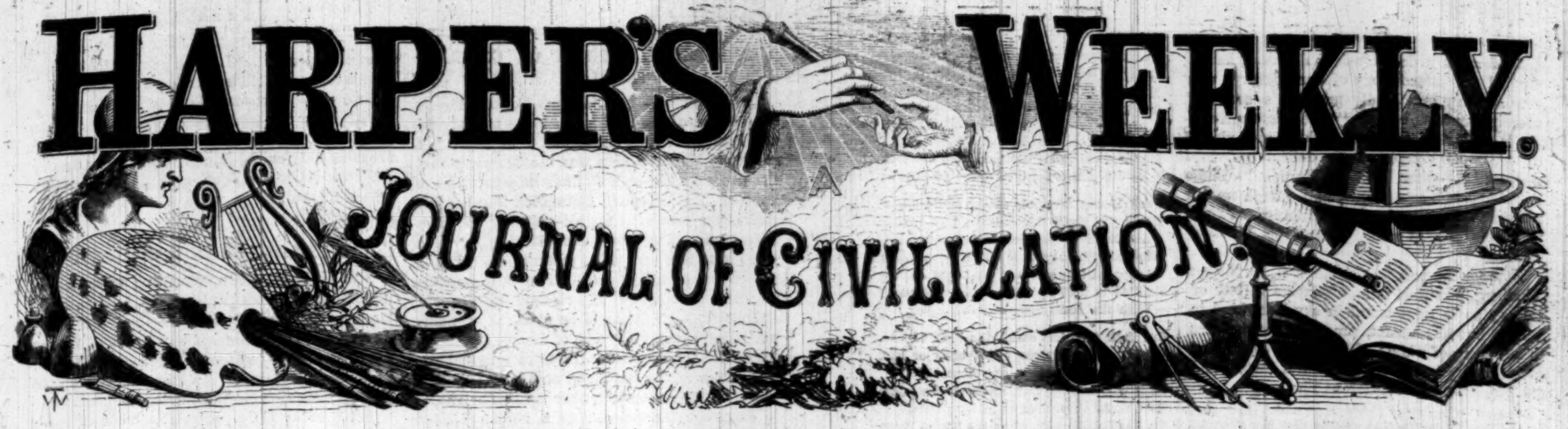
HARPER'S WEEKLY. A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



VOL. I.—NO. 9.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1857. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

EXAMINATION OF PARTIES AS WITNESSES.

FOR the last two hundred years, up to the beginning of this century, it was the fashion, in that little Mutual-Admiration Society called England, to laud the Common Law as the perfection of reason and the quintessence of justice. They praised, it is true, every thing that belonged to them; they praised their liberty, and they extolled their literature. They decried France, and they vilified America. They applauded every thing that they had themselves, and ridiculed or denounced every thing that any body else had. But of all their possessions and peculiarities, that, apparently, of which they were the most proud, was the COMMON LAW.

From Coke to Blackstone—from Blackstone to Eldon—it was the same everlasting chorus and pæan. The Common Law was absolute justice, and it was perfect intelligence. Every innovation upon it was to be rejected—every statute in derogation of it to be unfavorably regarded. It was talked of as something higher than reason, freer than liberty, purer than Christianity.

With this century, however, a new era dawned. With Bentham and Romilly and Mackintosh, a new set of men and new ideas came in. People—even English people—came to see that they had been laboring under a considerable delusion on the subject of the Common Law. It began to get into their heads that this renowned system of jurisprudence was the offspring of an ignorant, a violent, a barbarous age; and they gradually began to observe, and to admit, that the Common Law bore abundant traces of its origin. They discovered that its maxims of Real Law were devised for one of the most absurdly intricate and unjust developments of the feudal system that has ever existed—that, as to Commercial Law, old Coke knew nothing about it—that the Common Law pleading was complicated, artificial, and false, beyond all the records of the twistifications of human ingenuity—and that its procedure was a mass of stratagem and trick.

Hereupon, all of a sudden, a revolution ensued. The old mainstay of chicane and abuse, Lord Eldon, died. That Jupiter-Scapin of the law, Lord Brougham, bounced one day on to the forensic stage, and kicked the whole thing into most admired disorder. Every thing that had been was done away—and from that time to this hour, for nearly thirty years, all the active minds of the Anglo-Saxon law, all over the world, have been occupied in altering, amending, breaking up, and destroying all the principal features and peculiarities of the Common Law. And this brings us to the immediate subject of our present remarks.

Of all the branches of the Common Law jurisprudence, no one was more arbitrarily regulated than the subject of evidence; and of all the Common Law rules of evidence, none were more arbitrary or preposterous than those which related to the exclusion of parties and the objection of interest. We do not wish to repeat what has been so often said, or in any way to renew the argument. It is enough to state that the objection of interest exists no longer, either in England or in New York. Our present subject relates to the examination of the parties to a cause—plaintiff and defendant.

That parties to a cause or a record could not be examined, was one of the most sacred principles of the Common Law. So it is now in the State of New York. We wish, in this article, simply to state the extent to which this venerable palladium of liberty has been exploded in England and in some of the sister States; and a legal friend has obligingly taken the trouble of obtaining for us some very valuable testimony as to the result of the recent changes in this country:

England.—In England it is well known that the parties to a suit—plaintiff and defendant—are now regularly and habitually called to testify in all the Common Law courts. It is not that they *may* be called, but that they *are* called; and that, as a general rule, they are invariably called. The system is considered as working extremely well, and the Judges have expressed their entire satisfaction with it.

Massachusetts.—In this State an Act was passed in 1855, following in the footsteps of England. It has not been repealed, and, we believe, no attempt of the kind has been made.

Connecticut.—In this State parties have been examined as witnesses ever since 1849. (Laws of 1849, chap. x. § 141, p. 86.) The Act is as follows:

> No person shall be disqualified as a witness in any suit or proceeding at law or in equity by reason of his interest in the event of the same as a party or otherwise, or by reason of his conviction of a crime; but such interest or conviction may be shown for the purpose of affecting his credit.

In regard to the practice in this State, the following letter from a very eminent lawyer, the Hon. R. S. Baldwin, formerly Governor of the State, and Senator in Congress, will be read with interest:

> NEW HAVEN, *Nov. 8*, 1856.
>
> MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 3d was duly received, in which you inquire whether the statute of this State of 1849, which provides that no person shall be disqualified as a witness by reason of his interest in the event of the suit as a party or otherwise, is understood to permit the unrestricted examination of *parties to suits* in their own behalf; and whether this is practically the way in which we try our causes; and if so, how the act has been found to work. To your two first inquiries I answer in the affirmative; and to the last, that the act works well in practice, and is regarded by the profession generally, and, as I believe, by the judges, as a great improvement.
>
> By an ancient statute of Connecticut, passed in 1715, it was enacted "that in all actions on book debts that shall be tried by a jury, the jury shall well weigh and consider the credit of the *parties* and *any other persons interested*, admitted by the Court to take the oaths in or out of Court, in such cases and such form as testimonies in other cases are by law allowed, together with any other evidence given them, and all the other circumstances attending such cases." Under that statute the parties were admitted, like all other witnesses, to testify fully in support or confutation of the account. (See 4 Conn. R., 288; 11 Conn. R., 211.) And it was holden that the wife was a competent witness under that statute, as well as under the recent act of 1849, in behalf of her husband. "By the statute of 1849," the Supreme Court of Errors say in the case of Cowles Ex. *vs.* Bacon, 21 Conn., 466, "altering the rule of the common law in regard to the competency of parties as witnesses, and allowing them to testify in civil suits, they are placed in this respect *on the same ground*, and *may testify as fully as disinterested persons*."
>
> The same rule has been adopted by the United States Circuit Court in cases at common law tried in this District; and I believe it is regarded with favor by the judges of that Court.
>
> With great respect, yours very truly,
>
> ROGER S. BALDWIN.

Vermont.—In this State the objection to party has also been abolished, by a statute passed in 1854; and the following testimony, from several of the Judges and leading professional gentlemen of the State, to the beneficial operation of the new system, will be found very interesting:

> Having been requested to state my views in regard to the operation of the Vermont statute removing all impediment to the competency of witnesses on the ground of interest, or of being parties to suits, in law and equity, I can only state, in general terms, that from my experience in regard to trials in book-account actions, where the parties have long been witnesses, I became satisfied, many years since, that the ends of justice were thereby subserved in many ways, but chiefly by shortening the trials and reaching more generally a correct conclusion. I think the same, and perhaps some other advantages, have resulted from extending the same provision to other actions. I am satisfied there is no disposition to return to the former practice on that subject.
>
> ISAAC F. REDFIELD,
> PIERREPONT ISHAM.
>
> RUTLAND, *Feb.* 3, 1857.
>
> DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry in relation to our law admitting parties as witnesses in all civil cases, and the opinion of our profession as to its results; I have to say that the operation or effect of that change in the law of evidence, has been very beneficial to the purposes of justice, and is much and generally approved in this State. We have had a considerable practice and experience on this subject. We have long had an action on book in which the parties were admitted as witnesses; and our experience in that action brought it into general favor, and finally led the way to the law allowing the parties as witnesses in all the forms of actions.
>
> Very respectfully, yours,
>
> BRANDON, VT., *January* 29, 1857. E. N. BRIGGS.
>
> We fully concur in the opinion expressed above as to the beneficial effect of the law admitting parties as witnesses.
>
> CHAS. LINDSY,
> L. E. CHITTENDEN,
> J. PIERPOINT,
> J. W. STEWART.
>
> NEW YORK, *Feb.* 2, 1857.
>
> DEAR SIR,—The operation of the statute passed in Vermont in 1854, admitting the parties to civil actions to testify as witnesses, has been highly satisfactory both to the profession and the public. Opinion was much divided at the time of its adoption, as to the practical results. I was, for one, opposed to the law. A short experience under it, however, caused an entire change in the view I had taken, and I became a warm advocate of the law. The same effect was produced throughout the State; and I do not believe a single vote could now be obtained for its repeal. It was found that, in nine cases out of ten, where the parties were confronted with each other, and properly examined, the falsehood or mistake that lay between them became apparent without further evidence. The system was, therefore, really a protection to the honest man. It was also found to save much trouble and expense in procuring proof upon merely formal points.
>
> Sincerely yours, E. J. PHELPS.

In England, therefore, in Massachusetts, in Connecticut, and in Vermont, such is the wonderful progress of truth and common sense, that after about fifty years of argument, reasoning, exhortation, and discussion, Justice really condescends to hear the persons most able to tell the truth as to the facts of any particular transaction.

A system which is found to work well in Old England, and in the greater part of New England, can not, it would seem, prove very pernicious in the State of New York. Is it too much to hope that the venerable sages now sitting at Albany will graciously be pleased to tread in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors?

THE CORRUPTION COMMITTEE.

CORRUPTION is a disease of ancient date, as old as leprosy or the plague. It has raged virulently under all forms of government. It has existed in this country almost from the formation of our system. We all have heard of the Yazoo grants of Georgia; some of us recollect the bank-charters in this State and Pennsylvania; and probably the history of every member of the Union would furnish abundant subjects for declamation on the same theme. The corruption of the municipal government of London has been the mark of the thunders of the *Times* for years; and for that of our own very *un*-common Common Council, who could do justice to it?

The report of Mr. Orr's committee at Washington, therefore, will probably cause no exceeding astonishment to any one familiar with the general operations of legislative bodies. Certainly it will not greatly amaze any one who has been at all acquainted with Washington for the last ten or fifteen years. That pretty considerable corruption has existed there for a long while, is tolerably well known to all frequenters of the Capitol. One has no proof of it, perhaps, but it is in the air—you feel it as you do the weight of the atmosphere on a lowering day, though the sun is out and the sky is clear.

The report of the Corruption Committee, therefore, though it may strike the "outsiders" with horror, indignation, or astonishment, will not be any great cause of wonderment to those who are even but a little initiated in our legislative mysteries. We knew there was a set of scurvy dogs in our august halls. Now we know their names—that is the only difference. Kick them out, by all means!

This, however, will not amount to much. To expose three or four out of a gang of forty thieves and blackguards may, perhaps, for a while, strike prudence into their brother-robbers—but it can do little else. Even if the House has vigor and pluck enough to come up to the point of expulsion, what good will it effect? What tendency will it have to remove or prevent the evil hereafter? What good will any thing do, unless some change is brought about in the character of the selection that we make of our public men?

Nobody who observes the operation of our system can be blind to the fact, that for the last quarter of a century the character of our public men, in every branch of service, has been steadily deteriorating. So long as the early difficulties of the country lasted—during the European wars growing out of the French Revolution, during our subsequent contests, first with France and then with England—the necessities of the case compelled our best men of all classes to do duty in the public service, and a class of servants was produced who (with the exception of the great triumvirate of Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin) were hardly second, either in ability or in public spirit, to the men of the Revolution.

But when the "Second War of Independence" closed in 1815, a new epoch began. The position of the country was established as a great independent power. The idea of public danger gradually melted away, and with public danger public spirit died out. The minds of men turned to pecuniary gain and the development of the internal resources of the country. The intellectual vigor and courage of Jackson, his heroic contests with the financial monsters of his time, furnish the subject of an episode, but after all only an episode; and for the last thirty-five years the great bulk of the intellect and ability of the country has been mainly turned to pecuniary acquisition.

This has acted, directly and inevitably, upon the character of our public men. In two ways the result is striking. In the first place, the grade of the men has fallen off. A lower class of men are taken—men of a lower tone of character, of a lower tone of education. From President to Common Councilman the falling off is every where apparent. There is no credit in being engaged in the public service, no eminence attaches to office. A member of Congress is every body's servant, obliged to do every body's work, and he gets neither thanks nor honor from any one of his multitudinous masters. Official life is one of the most unclean and painful forms of slavery. The natural result is, that men of ability and spirit retire from public life to other and more agreeable pursuits.

In the second place, while the better class of men withdraw from office, those who take it, take it with wholly different ideas from the notions which used to be entertained by public servants. The office-holders of our day look on the public service only as one of the branches of business—only as a mode of making money. What is the result? Why, our legislative bodies are chiefly filled by two classes of men. One a set of fanatics, who get astride of some absurd hobby or another—Temperance, or Woman's Rights, or Abolition of capital punishment, or Emancipation, and dash off at a break-neck pace, roaring, and screaming, and yelling like a parcel of madmen—breathing pharisaical self-satisfaction on one side of their mouths, and fraternal discord on the other, and filling the country with ideas infinitely too preposterous for Moore's Utopia, or even for Psalmanazar's island of Formosa. The other category of our officials is a tribe of quiet, cold-blooded sly-boots, who look after the main chance—who take a hand in this contract or that railroad—who are always "there"—who fill their pockets sometimes by voting for a bill and sometimes by voting against it—a set of low-minded, venal wretches who would risk the dissolution of the Union for a share in the Des Moines improvement, and sell Liberty herself into bondage for a chance in the Pacific Railroad.

Whenever, if ever, the people of the Free States shall have the sense and courage to recollect the eternal wisdom of the great moral of "motes and beams," and to look their own condition fairly and honestly in the face, we believe they will come to the conclusion that public virtue, like charity, should begin at home; that there are dangers impending over us here in the North far greater than slavery in Carolina or even in Kansas; that the most formidable evil which menaces us is CORRUPTION; that it has reached a pitch of abuse and villainy which threatens the very life-springs of our system; and that the demon can be exorcised, not by expelling a poor devil of a Congressman, or a still poorer devil of a reporter, but only by a complete change in the mode of selection, and, consequently, in the character of our public men.

THALBERG IN THE HANDS OF THE DOCTORS.

WITHIN a week or so some of the most prominent physicians of New York have received a bulky, primrose-colored envelope, almost bursting with a dozen or more vari-colored announcements of Monsieur Thalberg's self-congratulations on his successes of the past, and his brilliant hopes for the future.

We read first a sky-blue note, in which we are reminded that as Monsieur Thalberg leaves for Europe *next spring*, he therefore proposes to give us a series of "Farewell Concerts" *this winter*. We are sad, Monsieur Thalberg, but not inconsolable; for, perhaps, as you have plenty of time to reflect upon the proposition, you may be persuaded by "numerous friends" to give us bereaved New Yorkers one more sad look at that handsome Hebrew face of yours, before you take, alas! your final departure. We wipe our eyes; for, according to your own account, it is a good part of a year before we need say the last farewell. Do not let us cry before we are hurt!

Next, after the sky-blue, we open a yellow *billet doux*, in which Monsieur Thalberg, having studied the meteorology of our country, very considerately and kindly proposes a series of morning concerts, because "the climate in America is subject to far more sudden and violent changes—so dangerous to delicately-framed constitutions—than that of Europe." These are Monsieur's own words, and though we can not see the logic in them, the disinterested kindness is as clear as mud. Thank you, Monsieur Thalberg!

Now for the pearl-white missive. Monsieur Thalberg, like Harlequin, displays a variety of colors; he is sentimental in sky-blue, kind in yellow, but like a saint, wraps his benevolence in a drapery of white. Here is the better part of the letter, fresh from the skillful fingers and gushing heart of the generous Thalberg:

> DEAR SIR.—You are probably aware of the great, and, by M. Thalberg, unexpected success, that has attended his professional career, since his arrival in the United States, and of the signal favor with which he has been received, particularly in New York. Every stranger who meets with a hospitable reception in a foreign land should make some suitable acknowledgment for the kindness thus bestowed upon him. Artists generally lend their services for some benevolent purpose.
>
> He has selected the Medical Profession in preference to all others. Education eminently fits them for the enjoyment of every intellectual amusement, and it may afford them a relaxation from their arduous duties.
>
> Many who will receive this circular may be in such a position that they could easily afford paying for their tickets. To such he tenders his excuses, *and requests them to present the Complimentary Admission, that will reach them in due time, to any of their colleagues who may have been overlooked, and with whom the expenses would be an object.*

This is generous, Monsieur Thalberg (although, let us remark, by-the-way, as we learn from the eminent medical gentleman who feels our pulse on occasion, that the "complimentary admission that will reach the doctors in due time" has never yet come to hand)! There is the dove-like innocence of a kindly heart in your note, Monsieur Thalberg, relieved—unconsciously, however, no doubt—by a serpent-like wisdom of head. The benevolence apart—for which the pauper doctors are, doubtless, duly grateful—there is a master-stroke of policy in this appeal, which we would call, with all due respect to the great pianist—the puff medical. It was a happy idea, Monsieur Thalberg, to mix in your demulcents with the doctor's *haustus catharticus*, and to sugar his pills with your liquorish words. Dr. Purge titilates the pulse, inspects the tongue, shakes his head, and orders, after a preliminary bolus, a little more exercise. "You fret too much, my dear madam; you want amusement. What think you, my good lady, of a course of Thalberg's *matinées*? Go, by all means; it will do you good."

Yes! it is a clever hit, this idea of yours, Monsieur Thalberg, of putting the *matinées* into the materia medica, that you and your puffs may be swallowed, together with the pills, powders, and mixtures of the doctors. But, seriously, Monsieur Thalberg, when it is "finally considered that the climate of America is subject to far more sudden and violent changes—so dangerous to delicately-framed constitutions—than that of Europe" (*vide* M. Thalberg's yellow note), do you think the *matinées* favorable to health? We don't; and since we know that more illness is produced among our delicate women by thrusting themselves into the crowded and ill-ventilated theatres, fashionable ball-giving houses, and concert saloons, than by almost any other single cause, we earnestly advise our invalid ladies especially to stay away from Monsieur Thalberg's, and any other Monsieur's or Signore's, concert-rooms as long as, by factitious means, they get up an unnatural excitement, and overcrowd them.

A FAREWELL TO THE QUARTERS.

FAREWELL! a word neither new nor strange
In this world of ours, where Chance and Change
  Are so apt our treasures to banish;
But here its gall is mingled with honey,
For the fact is true, though a trifle funny,
That in bidding adieu to our Spanish money,
  It is Change which is "walking Spanish."

Change, which we all have saved and spent,
And given, and taken, and borrowed, and lent,
  Ever since we were Nursery scholars,
And learned in the Primer that P stood for pence,
Or acquired with our marbles our earliest sense
  On the subject of cents and dollars.

Change, which we vulgarly christen "small,"
As though there were any large change at all
  In any one's purses or pockets;
Yet smaller now than in days of yore,
And decreasing so very fast that before
Many months have elapsed we shall see it no more,
  Though our eyes were strained from their sockets.

They are choking it off. The Law and the Mint,
It is very clear, have taken a hint
From those who use neither steel nor flint
In dispatching their victims, but do it by dint
  Of the latest method of operation;
For, precisely like the garroter's game,
In the shortest possible time, they aim
  To put a stop to the circulation!

But the coins, large and small, at the very first blow,
Have made themselves scarce. The Shilling, we know,
Has passed to a proverb for being "slow,"
But now it is started and on the go,
  And the sixpence was never so "nimble,"
Without figure of speech, in going to pot—
The silversmith's pot—all ready and hot,
  To transmute it to fork, spoon, or thimble.

And the Quarters too are passing away—
Hurrying off as fast as they
Who leave their old quarters on moving day,
And, seeking to find on the first of May
  A place for their washing and roasting,
Are driven about from pillar to post;
But here the thing that surprises us most
  Is—the pillars themselves are posting.

Yes! Young America, strong and bold,
Has pulled down the columns, like Samson of old,
  And crushed out those fogies so regal,
Who, though they were silver, have had the brass
To suppose themselves a privileged class,
Entitled to hold up their heads, and pass
  With the liberty cap and the eagle.

But their time has come—the hour of fate
Which always arrives, either early or late,
To monarch, or prince, or potentate,
As it chanced one day, as the books relate,
To Charles the First; or in later date,
To Louis Sixteenth, when the Third Estate
Tipped over his throne; or in '48,
To Louis Philippe, who saved his pate
  By a rapid act of expatriation;
So the people here, in all their strength,
Have risen in earnest to drive at length
  This old dynasty out of the nation.

Battered and hammered and stamped and clipped,
Bored and flattened and bent and chipped,
From purses and pockets and tills they are stripped,
And like a cargo of convicts shipped
  From our pure Republican borders,
Or like old campaigners, scarred and bruised,
But rest and winter-quarters refused,
  And kept under marching orders.

How they would beg and plead and beseech,
If they only had the organ of speech;
  If every fat-faced CAROLUS,
On Quarter or Shilling or Sixpenny-piece,
Could open his lips, and a moment cease
  To hold his peace, and grow garrulous!

Or if one alone, by way of farewell,
In silvery accents could manage to tell
Of all the strange things that ever befell
  In his course by land or water,
What a tale it would be for a tear and a laugh,
If of its adventures only the half
  Were told by a single Quarter!

From those times, in the earlier centuries,
When first it came from beyond the seas,
  In one of those old Spanish lockers,
Down through the times, so peaceful and calm,
The palmy days, when it crossed the palm,
  Every day, of some Knickerbocker;

From those days when the whole of the Bowling Green
Might have been bought for a pistareen;
Ere Wall Street was known or banks were seen
(Except the banks with the river between)
  By Dutch or English or Quaker;
When property-owners could speculate
In the choicest parcels of real estate,
Along Broadway, at the moderate rate
  Of a couple of shillings an acre;

Through the years when our patriot fathers bled
In the cause of Freedom, and looked ahead,
Through the midnight gloom, with the camp-fires red,
  To these days so bright and sunny;
When marches were quick and rations slow,
And silver coin was quite a rare show,
And the thing they dreaded worse than the foe
  Was the Continental money;

Quite down to these degenerate days,
When a Spanish Quarter scarcely pays
  For a thing you can name or conjecture,
Excepting perhaps an oyster stew,
Or something to eat or drink or chew,
  Or an Anti-Slavery lecture.

So farewell, old friends! a last adieu!
Your ring was always honest and true,
And your metal just as good as the new,
  And better, what there was of it;
And it seems a cruel fate that drives
You out of the country, when all your lives
  You have spent yourselves for our profit.

Yet though it's a case of real distress,
We really must in candor confess,
You have all survived your usefulness
  And become superannuated;
You have lived your life and had your day,
And now you must gracefully go the way,
  The old way of all things created.

But a similar fate in future times,
May light on these upstart Dimes and Half-dimes,
  Which are now with importance so puffed out;
When the bran new coinage of Fifty-six,
And seven, may be in as bad a fix
As the Spanish Quarters; and all their wicks
  Be just as speedily snuffed out.

For Fate is fickle, and Fortune fails,
And life is a game of heads and tails,
  And mixed-up losers and winners,
And the same retributions now and then
Happen to fall on nations of men
  As on individual sinners.

The day may come as to cities of yore,
All down through time since the days of Noah,
When BOWEN & MCNAMEE's grand new store,
Or HAUGHWOUT's, whose iron arches soar
With a beauty and grace unknown before,
And all the thousand palaces more,
  We New Yorkers have pinned our pride on,
In the dust of ruin may all be laid,
And lie as deep beneath plow and spade
  As the ruins of Tyre and Sidon.

When new LAYARDS, in years remote from these,
Searching for lost antiquities,
Midst fragments of column and cornice and frieze,
On some straggling Quarter or Ten-pence shall seize,
As the greatest of curiosities;
  And, scanned by critics and scholars,
It shall furnish a theme on which to dilate,
Respecting the rise and fall and fate
  Of this Empire of Dimes and Dollars.

A PRACTICAL RESULT OF CAPTAIN PAGE'S EXPLORATIONS.

THOSE who are familiar with Captain Page's exploration of the La Plata and its tributaries, will remember that one of the most important results of his expedition was the discovery that the River Salado—which finds its source in the western Cordillera, and is emptied into the Parana at the town of Santa Fé—is navigable from its mouth to the province of Santiago, or to a point nine hundred miles distant, according to the course of the stream. The only impediments to navigation experienced by Captain Page were such as could be removed by manual labor, without the cost of machinery or the science of engineering. Trees in many places had fallen across the river, and lay there rotting; but there were neither rocks nor shoals to interrupt the passage of a moderate-sized craft. The importance of these discoveries will be appreciated by a glance at the map; for, with the navigability of the Salado established, a communication is opened between the western and northwestern provinces of the Argentine Confederation and the Atlantic Ocean.

Intelligence from a native expedition, which, under the command of General Antonio Tobobado, lately undertook to explore the Salado, demonstrates further the importance of Captain Page's discoveries, and the scientific accuracy of his report. The Salado is now declared navigable at all seasons from Santa Fé to Sandia Paso—a distance of 300 miles by land, but nearly 900 by the course of the water; and from December to June the river can be ascended as far as the remote province of Salta. The depth of the stream is in no place, and at no time, less than six feet.

In consequence of this discovery, the provinces of Santa Fé, Santiago del Estero, Tucuman, and Salta, are known to have an open communication with the Parana and the Atlantic, and the development of their great resources is no longer a problem. Let honor be given to whom honor is due.

DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF THE NEAPOLITAN DOMINIONS.

THE last accounts from Naples, some of which are given elsewhere, represent the existence there of a complete reign of terror. It brings us back to the darkest era of the Middle Ages—to the most gloomy days of the Inquisition. The Neapolitans seem to have abandoned all hope of relief from the tyranny with which they are oppressed. No grounds for hope are left to them. They live under the surveillance of a savage police, the obedient slaves of a more savage master. Their liberties are violated, but they have no redress, either in law or in the tender mercies of their despot king. The odious system under which they suffer grows worse from day to day. It is not a month since the city of Naples was swept by gens d'armes; the theatres and places of amusement were entered, and 340 respectable citizens, on the vaguest suspicion, were arrested and thrust into prison. Similar scenes occur almost daily. Formerly, the work was accomplished under cover of darkness; now it is done in broad daylight. The liberties and lives of people are in the hands of a police whose orders are to spare not. No man, on leaving home in the morning knows whether he will return. A panic prevails. Frightful as this interference with personal liberty is in Naples, it is even worse in Sicily, where an outbreak may be more immediately apprehended. Political arrests are effected here in the most repulsive manner, without any discrimination, and even against the opinions of the local authorities. To relieve the overflowing prisons, the victims are transported to desert islands off the coasts. Some are executed without further ceremony.

These are the results of the benignant sway of him who styles himself King of the Two Sicilies. Conspiracy is the demon which haunts him in his waking and sleeping hours. Now it is an attempt against his life—now to blow up his palace—now to overturn his government. He doubles his guards, and places sentinels where they were never placed before. He issues new and severer orders to his police. He is seized with the most abject fear. He sees danger in every shadow. He endeavors by every possible means to secure himself against the vengeance of an outraged people. Popular vengeance! it is a terrible nightmare. But the more precaution he takes, the darker and more threatening does the future look. Not only within his own dominions, but abroad, his acts have been dragged into light, and his name has been execrated. His tyranny has become a by-word wherever liberty is recognized—his assumptions of dignity and importance have excited the ridicule, as his personal fears have excited the contempt, of the world. Let us pass from King Bomba.

How long is the present condition of Neapolitan affairs to last? France and England have essayed to intervene between this king and his outraged subjects. If their motive was good, it was, nevertheless, a precedent which we could not indorse. Great as the evils are that they would attempt to remedy, they have no right to interfere in the purely domestic affairs of an independent state; and if the case were reversed, either France or England would be the first, *vi et armis*, to resist. Let the people themselves have a fair trial. They are capable of effecting their own deliverance. Low as the country has sunk, it can not have lost all power of self-regeneration. Our faith in its restoration will abide as long as the faintest agitation exists to strip this miserable Bourbon of the high powers he has abused.

A PENSIONED GOVERNMENT.

MR. JOHN FORSYTH, unwilling to be less a diplomatist than his predecessors, had made his treaty with Mexico. Like all the other treaties, the gist of it consists in a grant of money from our treasury to that of Mexico—say fifteen millions. This time it is a loan—for repayment of which Mexico pledges the customs duties.

Now, every body knows that without some change, which there is no reason to expect, Mexico will not be able to repay this loan. She never pays—can not pay. What, then, is the prospect?

In Europe, England has occasionally subsidized continental nations: in case of their insolvency, it has been held that she is entitled to proceed to execution to satisfy her just claims. Not, perhaps, to seize and sell at auction crowns and palaces, but to "occupy"—that is the delicate term used—a convenient port or two. Is this the contingency on which Mr. Forsyth has fixed his far-seeing gaze? Spain, an unpaid creditor of Mexico, and England, as protector of various British subjects who were likewise unpaid creditors of the same, claimed the right of appointing foreigners to collect the Mexican customs duties; they did not insist upon the claim, perhaps in consequence of the menacing attitude of this country; but no one would interpose to prevent our protecting ourselves. Are we to suppose that this is contemplated—that the loan of fifteen millions is the bait by means of which Mexico is to be gently relieved of her independence?

WHO SHALL BE SECRETARY OF STATE?

THE daily papers furnish their readers with fresh cabinet programmes every day in the week; the magic needle ever whirls round the circle, pointing now a while at this, now at that prominent man, and filling the public eye with him for a day or two. At the hour we go to press, a majority of voices declare in favor of Mr. Cass for Secretary of State.

Taking no partisan stand in the politics of this republic—sincerely trusting and believing that Mr. Buchanan's administration will be an era of scarce-exampled prosperity for this country—respecting Mr. Cass as a man who fulfilled his part in life well and honorably, when the present acting generation of Americans were in the cradle—we confess that we should see his elevation to the post of Secretary of State with regret and uneasiness. For years Mr. Cass has ceased to give the councils of his country the benefit of any wholesome advice or co-operation; for years it has been a by-word, that when Cass spoke England was to be abused. On important divisions on questions relating to the domestic affairs of this country, and likely to involve risk, private engagements have usually involved Mr. Cass' absence from his post. Nor has this been complained of, as his presence merely added to the debate the tedium of a querulous, obsolete old man. Of course no one could accuse the veteran senator from Michigan of acting thus from the promptings of personal ambition; no one knew better than Mr. Cass the settled rule against staking the fortunes of the party on a beaten candidate. But habit, it seems, was too deep rooted to be overcome.

In the delicate state of our relations with England, on the heels of the contemptuous rejection of the Clarendon-Dallas treaty, the appointment of England's most noted foe to the highest cabinet office can hardly smooth the path of the incoming administration. Nor can it help Mr. Buchanan with the people of this country to know that he has chosen for his chief counselor a gentleman whose chief qualification for high office seems to be the slights which he has just suffered at the hands of his party and his State.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

ABOUT THE SEXTON BUMBLE-BEE.

I CAN conceive no greater human privilege than to be born to the station of a fashionable sexton. To be the major domo and *arbiter elegantiarum* of the Church of the Holy Symphony is, in my opinion, the summit of earthly power and felicity. Talk of the proud sensations of Xerxes, when reviewing his mighty armies and fleet from the rocks over Salamis, if you will; they can not be for an instant compared with the feelings that must once a week swell the mighty bosom of Bumble-bee, as he walks up the aisle of the Church of the Holy Symphony, and gazes over the crowd of wealthy worshipers who are his slaves. Every fifty-dollar bonnet, though it may (un)cover the head of some female leader of fashion, trembles and nods when Bumble-bee approaches, like a bed of flowers, bowing in the presence of a mighty wind. Every spacious waistcoat, albeit it incloses the portly carcass of some Wall Street demi-god, lord of uncounted coupons, shrinks under the eye of the great sexton like a cheap Marseilles vest after it has been washed twice. As to the crowd of slender-limbed youths who congregate under the porch when service is nearly over, to stare at the women when they are passing out, Bumble-bee is to them a Providence. He holds the fashionable world in the hollow of his hand. With him rests the envied power of distributing to his chosen ones the paste-board blessings which entitle the fortunate owner to the privileges of Mrs. Halibut's forthcoming ball.

In former days, when civilization was teething, the sexton was not properly comprehended. He was supposed to be inevitably connected with corpses, and graves, and sad funereal ceremonies. Writers of the past age even presumed to present him in a jocular light, and the old dramatists were in the habit of profanely placing language of a low humor in the mouth of that functionary. His hired solemnity was a matter for mirth, and the world laughed at a man whose office it was to speculate in woe.

It was no ordinary man who could in his own generation, and by his unaided exertions, elevate the profession of sexton out of the degraded position to which the scoffs of centuries had consigned it. Yet all this did Bumble-bee accomplish. No longer do we regard the sexton as an old man with numerous waistcoats, who digs a grave with his own hands, and sings cynical ditties while in performance of his task. We can not even imagine him tolling the death or marriage chimes with his own hands. Since the days of Bumble-bee his hands are innocent of spade or shovel, and he wears Jouvin's gloves. Mention the sexton of the Church of the Holy Symphony, and we have Bumble-bee instantly before us. Bumble-bee, who is the doomsday book of the world of fashion, in whom are retained the records of the wealth, genealogies, pretensions of all who move in that mysterious orbit. Bumble-bee, who is consulted by East Broadway when it would obtain a foothold in Fifth Avenue. Bumble-bee—the Free Lance—who stands at the narrow pass leading into the Happy Valley of Good Society, and levies black-mail on all that travel thither. Bumble-bee, who ordains balls, issues invitations, makes and unmakes dandies, presides over fifty-thousand-dollar weddings, furnishes inviting rose-wood coffins prettily lined with white satin, and consigns people to the grave with just as much elegant grief as they can afford to pay for.

There is something very touching in this combination of the extremes of life. It is at the sound of Bumble-bee's silver whistle that the massive portals of Fifth Avenue unclose to admit Vanity in Honiton lace, and Wealth in embroidered waistcoat, to the gay, illuminated rooms, the buzz of the world, the German Cotillion, and the supper. And it is Bumble-bee again who comes when Vanity is stripped of her lace, and lies stiff and cold, and Wealth has died with the last fall in stocks rattling in his throat—it is still Bumble-bee who gracefully shuts them in their ornamental coffins, and politely conducts them to the grave.

I was led into these reflections on the office of the great modern sexton by some information which my friend Dimes communicated to me the other day. A great pianist—whose luck it was to be born with long fingers—has instituted a series of morning performances in this city, the subscription admittances to which are limited to a certain number, all, as may be supposed, intended to be distributed among "the upper classes." As the attendance will, of course, be highly fashionable, it did not very much astonish me when I heard from Dimes that the arrangements of the floor were to be under the superintendence of the great Bumble-bee. This immense man has then added another avocation to the multifarious pursuits in which he is engaged. I confess I see but a little step from the concert-room to the opera. At the Church of the Holy Symphony, Bumble-bee presents his congregation with the newest operatic music; and supposing him to possess an aptitude for harmony, which without doubt he does possess, it is no wild prophecy to predict that before many moons are over he will be seated in the tall chair now so inadequately filled by Mr. Strakosch, and wave the baton which has for so long a time been consecrated to Max Maretzek.

If Bumble-bee were to assume this position of conductor of the opera—a post for which he is so well fitted—I foresee for the first few months a number of little difficulties which he would have to guard against. For instance, it would require particular care to prevent his multifarious occupations from interfering one with the other. It might be possible that in church he should ask a lady for the number of her box, and present some outgoing member of the congregation with a re-admission check. On the other hand, at the opera it would *not* look well to see the conductor, in a fit of abstraction, place a Book of Common Prayer on the desk before him instead of the score of the *Trovatore*.

A MARRIAGE ON THE GREEN CARPET.

Talking of Bumble-bee suggests weddings. This is the season for such things. The shop-windows flame with burning valentines, and it is probable that the small sum for which one can buy a most impassioned declaration of love contributes to swell the hymeneal throng. However this may be, I know that nearly all my friends are deserting me this winter. I leave Pythias for a few days. In fact, my last interview was held with him at two o'clock in the morning at the corner of the street, when he embraced me tenderly, and, after professing eternal devotion, proceeded home by easy stages from lamp-post to lamp-post. A week after this I meet some one who looks like Pythias—but not the old Pythias. I miss the merry smile, the jaunty air, the miraculous mustache. I accost him, but he does not reply with the *abandon* of ancient days. I remind him of our last interview, but he shudders and talks of the weather. At last, with a grim attempt at a smile, he tells me that he is married. After he has left me, I look mournfully after him down the street, and sigh for one more friend lost to me.

A good many men accomplish marriage in eccentric fashions. I once knew a young gentleman and lady who left a fashionable party, got into a carriage together, drove to a clergyman's, were married, and returned afterward and danced the German together. One of the most singular and ingenious marriages I ever heard of took place in New York this winter. A youth, whom I will call Colin, madly loves a nymph, whose blushes I presume to vail under the pastoral name of Chloe. Chloe returns the passion of the gentle swain; but as usual—and I wish it was not usual, for I am tired of having always to say the same thing in a love story—as usual, papa and mamma object to Colin on the score of his being a literary man. A man who lives by his brains, they say, can never be worth money. Poor people! they draw their philosophy from their own circle of acquaintance. Colin then tries to get Chloe to run away with him; but Chloe is watched. The lovers are at their wits' end, when in steps Melpomene on her high-heeled comic buskins to the rescue. Chloe's papa and mamma have a pretty private theatre attached to their house, and as private theatricals have been all the rage this winter, they determined to be in the fashion. Now, although Colin is suspected of being enamored of Chloe, the old people have too much confidence in the strictness of their surveillance to fear him; and as he is a dramatist of some talent, they beg him to write them an original comedy. He consents; and while composing, Cupid inspires him with an idea for an equivoque, which shall surpass all equivoques ever known on the stage. The comedy is completed and rehearsed. Colin plays the hero, Chloe the heroine. The evening of performance arrives. The comedy begins, and Colin and Chloe act to the admiration of every one. A strange fire seems to sparkle in their eyes. Their tenderness, their jealousies, their reconciliations, are all rendered with a degree of truth that would make a professional expire with envy. These love-passages, so truthfully portrayed, give papa and mamma no little uneasiness. The final scene comes. It is the marriage of the hero and heroine, who, after a tempest of misfortunes and machinations against their peace, are at last washed ashore together on the coast of matrimony. The *mise en scene* of the wedding is perfect, from the parson down to the best man. The former is played by a friend of Colin's, who is also known to papa and mamma. As the ceremony proceeds, papa and mamma get the fidgets. The thing is abominably real; and when the curtain falls on the kiss which Colin bestows with real wedded fervor on Chloe, the old people rush round to seek their daughter behind the scenes. Alas! they have no longer a daughter. Mrs. Colin greets them with matronly dignity; and to their horror they learn that the last act of the comedy was no fiction; that the parson was played by an alderman legally entitled to unite loving hearts, and that Colin, instead of making comedy appear like truth, by an inspiration of genius had made truth appear like comedy; so that, after all, it was a marriage on the *tapis—vert*.

A SWISS DIFFICULTY.

It is not, perhaps, generally known to those who study the story of the Swiss insurrection nowadays in the newspapers, that there are two Neufchatels, one in Normandy, and the other in Switzerland. Both places produce excellent cheeses, though somewhat different in quality. The Swiss Neufchatel is famous for a cheese which is gigantic in its proportions, while from the Norman Neufchatel come those little, soft cheeses, not much larger than coffee-cups, which one gets so often in Paris after dinner. Dimes related to me, the other day, an adventure he had with those cheeses. When first he went to Paris, he was so much struck with the small Neufchatel cheese that he determined to bring some with him to this country on his return. As Dimes piques himself on doing every thing in the best possible style, he consulted a Swiss guide-book, under the head Neufchatel, and there discovering the name and address of the principal cheese-maker in that town, immediately wrote to him, and ordered sixty cheeses to be sent to him at Paris. About three weeks after this, Dimes was startled one morning by a clattering in the court-yard of his hotel. He looked out the window. The yard was filled with enormous wagons, each loaded with huge, yellow cheeses, every cheese measuring about five feet in diameter. Dimes was aghast, and his confusion was complete, when a man came in with an invoice of sixty cheeses, as per order, and wanted to know where he should stow them. Dimes did not tell me what he did with his cheeses; but I know that there is a young lady in Paris, that Dimes was acquainted with at the time, who is now doing a flourishing business as a cheese-monger. When first she started in business, curious to relate, all the cheeses in her store were of a very large size.

STAGE-STRUCK.

I am stage-struck by a regulation lately enforced by omnibus-drivers, that all passengers shall pay as soon as they enter the vehicle. I got into a stage the other night, and innocently took my seat. "Your fare, Sir," said the gentleman next me. I looked at him witheringly, thinking him a presumptuous fellow. "Well, Sir, what of it?" I replied, sternly. "Your fare, Sir," he repeated. "I shall pay my fare to the proper person, Sir, when I want to get out," was my stern answer. The response to this was my neighbor pointing in silence to the hole in the roof, and laughing indecorously. I looked up. There, to my astonishment, I beheld a large hand desperately clutching at me, and a hoarse voice shouting, "Pay your fare in advance!"

I paid, but I protest. By this regulation I have the stage-drivers no longer in my power. If a stage breaks down in Broadway before I am half way to my journey's end, I can not step out and bestow my sixpence on a healthier vehicle. The driver of the infirm omnibus has my sixpence, and, of course, I can not get it back. If a baby in arms with the small-pox gets in after I have gone a block or two, I am a prisoner for the same reason; if he chooses to stop all night opposite a theatre for passengers, while I am pressed for time, I am equally helpless; he has my sixpence. I say again, I protest against this regulation, and I trust that all good citizens will combine for its suppression.

CHAT.

ON THE MOVE.

He is like young Rapid in the play, who always wants to "keep moving;" he is as restless as "a short-tailed bull in fly time;" he can not sit and be still any more than a boy with a burr in the seat of his trowsers; he's Mercury with wings to his feet; it's always with him as with Ariel, "I go, I go;" in a word, he's an American, and he can no more stop than his native Niagara. His energy, or his caprice, or his nervousness if you will, is always urging him, like a peremptory policeman, to "move on." Such our countrymen are always and every where, but more especially now and here in New York.

We have a practice in this city and state—the origin of which we have consulted our most learned historians and wisest philosophers in vain to discover (perhaps our "Notes and Queries" can shed some light)—of getting up a quarrel with our houses about the end of January, which breaks out into an open rupture in the beginning of February, and ends in a total abandonment on the first of May. However happy Mr. and Mrs. Restless and family may have been for nine months; though Mrs. Restless may have been "as well as could be expected" for once during that period; though Johnny had been down with the measles, and got up again safe and sound; though Wilhelmina had "come out" in the full bloom of sixteen years and twenty-three yards of skirt; though poor Neddy had "gone out" in the mean time, and had, in the agony of the fatal scarlet fever, turned his dying eyes upon that wall, and given his last kiss there, Mr. and Mrs. Restless are determined to give notice to "quit the premises" and move.

The first of February has arrived; the "To Let" is posted up; the house becomes as public as an auction-room; curious old maids ring the bell with the vigor of a postman, stirring up all the Irish blood of Bridget, spoiling her temper and the day's dinner; they burst into the parlor and inspect the stains in the Brussels carpet; they spring up stairs, peer into the nursery, and catch Mrs. Restless in her old bombazine, stirring baby's food with one hand and boxing Bobby's ears with the other; they rush down stairs, put their noses into the kitchen, cast an eye upon the cold mutton in the refrigerator, and then, having seen the premises from skylight to coal-hole, they take—the house? no! only their departure for another visitation, and further gratification of their inquisitorial curiosity. Of course, the old maids are set up in a stock of scandal until another February comes round. As for houses, they don't want them, for they have no one to put into them, and are not likely to have; they have long since made up their minds to apartments for single persons. They must have consolation, however, and they get it out of you, Mrs. Restless, out of the stains in your Brussels carpet, the cold mutton in your refrigerator, your old bombazine, your cross baby, and your domestic servitude. They would not be married for all the world—no, not they. How the experience of age tempers the impulses of youth! What did the old maids think of single-blessedness a score of years ago?

If this sacrilege upon the sanctity of our homes, this coarse exposure of our inner lives to the pitilessness of the eye of scandal, and the blab of gossip were not enough to deter us from this periodical "flitting," we should think that there might be associations of domestic joys and domestic sorrows to attach us to the house where we have passed so many hours of hope, enjoyment, and sadness. It is not wise, it is not safe recklessly to cut loose from the old moorings with the view of drifting into some untried harbor. The mere association of scene, place, circumstance, and material object—the familiar street, the old house, the domestic event, the father's desk, the mother's arm-chair—has a powerful hold upon the imagination, and bows its wayward fancies in reverence to home. Such associations are powerful accessories to the Fifth Commandment; and when we look upon Young America, ambitious of wing before he is well fledged, defiant of danger, and irreverent of authority, we are not disposed to spare any check, be it that of reason or imagination.

DOWN WITH EUGENIE.

Our hooped ladies have received with—a burst?—no! but with one universal swell of indignation, which has only served to increase the expansiveness of their peripheries, the rumor that the Empress of all the French has proved recreant to her sex, and ventured to show herself unhooped. *A bas, l'imperatrice!* down with Eugenie! is the cry from St. Germain to the Fifth Avenue. The ladies are not to be put down or their hoops crushed up thus! You might as well attempt to unblossom the full-blown rose, reduce the many-leaved cabbage to its primitive seed, and restrict the capacity of a hogshead within the limits of a pint pot.

Whatever may be the motive—whether, as it is authoritatively rumored, the Empress, with the cuisine of Chevet and the luxurious indolence of the Tuileries, is feeling so perceptibly her oats, and expanding naturally to such a width of girth as to render her independent of all artificial expansion—whether it is mere imperial caprice, or whether emulous of her husband—she has resolved upon a *coup de mode* to revolutionize the world of fashion; whatever may be the motive, the attempt to crush the hoops will not succeed. It can not succeed. What brave and gallant Lothario, who, in spite of outwork upon outwork, and circumvallation upon circumvallation, has stormed and won the female fortress, will allow it to be dismantled and thus exposed, now that he is in possession, to the attack of the enemy? Who that has once embraced a circumference of thirty feet will content himself with a pitiful handful?

Fashion, we all know, is capricious; but in this country at least, we are sure it will be constant to hoops. Our dames, until they succeed in feeding and exercising themselves into better condition, and in getting more flesh on their bare bones, will never agree to shrink back again into the tenuity of bean-poles. Down with Eugenie!

FRENCH REVOLUTION AND CIRCUMVOLUTION.

Some of our aristocratic quidnuncs say that they are not surprised that the sudden rise of the Empress Eugenie, like a Jack in a box, should be succeeded by as rapid a sinking. Collapse is always sure to follow hasty expansion, they assert, and pretend to see in this lopping of the fashionable tail a fatal forewarning of risk to the crowned head. Paris shopmen and working-people were, according to the last accounts, in a state of fearful agitation about the dropping of Eugenie's hooped skirt, and the prospective diminution of sales for their native silks and other female stuffs. This *coup* of the Empress may be harder to bring to a successful conclusion than the bloody *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon. Poor Republicans had only their heads to lose and could be spared; rich citizens have wealth, and that is wanted by Emperor as well as President; a tyrant may spill the blood of the former, but neither tyrant nor constitutional ruler will venture upon stopping the circulation of trade. We all know that Marie Antoinette was for satisfying the hungry cry of the French people for bread with a supply of gingerbread. Has the Empress any such notable device for keeping alive trade and commerce, when there shall be no more work for the spinner, and no more demand for the goods of the shopman? Down with Eugenie! Spread wide the hoops!

LENTEN FAST OF FASHION.

Fashion, like the rest of the Christian world, falls upon its knees on occasion, and having its sackcloth and ashes (sick and pearl-powder?), wraps itself in them, and plays the saint according to the almanac and calendar. Lent has begun, and for forty days and forty nights society has to pass as it best can its six weeks of *jours maigres*.

With the aid of the ingenious Soyer and Miss Beecher's Cookery-book, the devotee, during these fast-days, as we all know, contrives to make a very satisfactory compromise with his or her stomach and conscience. Cod and oyster sauce; smelt tossed with eggs, and made piquant with a squeeze of lemon (don't forget the lemon); chocolate custards, and a proper variety of puff-pâtés, blanc-mange, jellies, ice-creams, and Charlotte russe, are not bad to take, and, moreover, commend themselves to the pious conscience, for they are not forbidden by pope or council.

Society, too, with its fashionable tastes and its devotional duties, manages to gratify the one and perform the other by means of some ingenious contrivances. It is true that, since Tuesday night last, the gas-light of the balls has been turned off, and the chocolate and cakes of the receptions have ceased circulating; but there are Thalberg's Farewell *Matinées Musicales*, always ending to begin again, and which may be relied on for the forty days of Lent, at least; and there is Madame de Wilhorst at the Opera House, with all the piquant scandal of her private antecedents and her public present to be talked over once more.

The Thalberg *Matinées*, under the especial conduct of Brown, of Grace Church, and held as they are next to that fashionable temple, "under the very droppings of the sanctuary," would seem to enjoy a particular dispensation of "Grace," which must secure them against any risk of danger. The *Matinées*, we should think, were safe under the protection of the expansive sexton and the shadow of his church. Moreover, does not Monsieur Thalberg tell us that "every care will be taken to make the *Matinées* as select as possible?" Even under the trials of such fasting, Fashion may survive through the forty days and forty nights of Lent, and live to tie on its new bonnet for Easter Sunday. *Vive la Mode!*

THE BIOGRAPHER'S BIOGRAPHY.

James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, is at least as well known, both in this country and in England, as the learned lexicographer himself. He not only helped largely to embalm Johnson, but unintentionally secured a passport to posterity for himself, and rendered no small service to such men as Macaulay and Carlyle in affording them an opportunity of building a part of their reputation on his oddities, his follies, and his peculiar merits. While no one has a good word for the man, almost every one places him at the head of biographers; his fame is composed of equal parts of admiration and contempt.

A volume of letters purporting to have been written by him to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Temple, has just been published in London. They are very remarkable productions, and the more so, as many passages in them indicate that their publication at some future day was foreseen by the writer.

Their story is as follows: Some years ago a Major Stone purchased some articles at a milliner's at Boulogne, in France. He noticed that the parcel was wrapped in an old letter in the English language. This letter was signed, James Boswell. Piqued by curiosity, the Major applied to the milliner for the remainder of her wrapping-paper, and was fortunate enough to obtain a complete correspondence between Boswell and his friend, the Rev. William Johnson Temple. The collection passed into the hands of Mr. Edmund Hornby, an attaché of the British War Office, by whom it has now been given to the public.

It is proper to add that doubts are entertained by eminent critics in England as to the authenticity of the letters; and this, notwithstanding that the originals are on exhibition at Mr. Bentley's. On this point it may be remarked that the correspondence wears an uncommon air of genuineness; and that, were it a forgery, it would be the most perfect one on record.

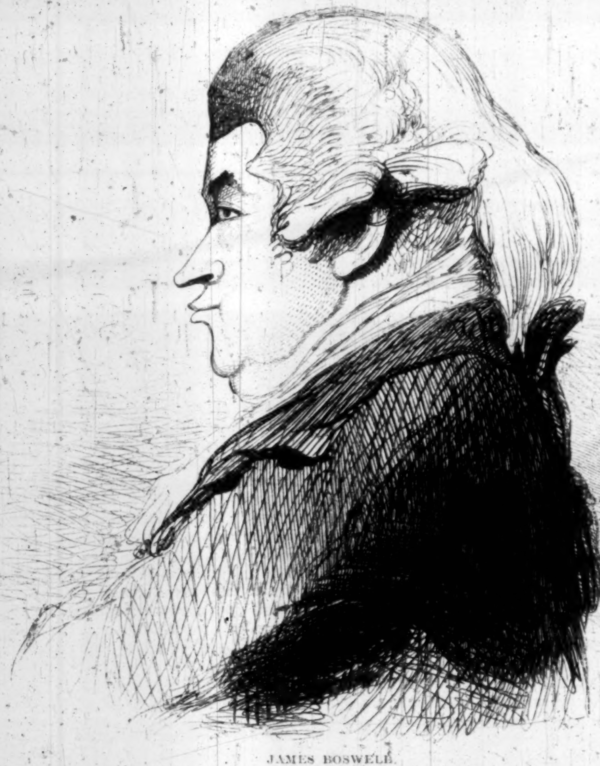
James Boswell was the son of a Scotch judge, who figured on the bench under the title of Lord Auchinleck, and owned considerable property. We first hear of the son when he was eighteen, and had completed his education. He was to be a lawyer, and was traveling circuit with his father. Even at that early age the peculiarities of the man are distinctly visible in his correspondence. He makes the acquaintance of the historian Hume, and "thinks him a very proper person for a young man to cultivate an acquaintance with." He likewise falls in love, which operation, together with his cultivation of notabilities, was the chief concern of his life. His charmer was "extremely pretty, and possessed of every amiable qualification; danced, sang, played upon several instruments, drew with great taste, and read the best authors; had a just regard for true piety, and thirty thousand pounds in her own right." Having been asked to tea at the lady's house, young Boswell feels satisfied that "a youth of my turn has a better chance to gain the affections of a lady of her character than of any other." Whether the lady was of a different opinion, or circumstances separated them, the world can never know. When next we hear of Boswell he is inflamed with a new passion, and his friend Temple thinks it necessary to chide him on his want of delicacy in the choice of his female friends.

Hume, too, soon ceased to be his great luminary. When he was twenty-three "he was sitting in the back parlor of Mr. Davies, the bookseller, having drank tea with Mrs. Davies," when he was introduced to Dr. Johnson. It was the event of his life. Johnson treated him with more than his usual brutality—Boswell displayed more than his usual meanness. When Johnson expressed a wish to go to "the play," and Boswell hastened to remark that he "did not think Mr. Garrick would refuse such a trifle as an order to him," the great man turned upon him like a tiger—"Sir, I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Boswell only smiled, in a ghastly, mortified way, and continued to listen and fawn. When Johnson did not kick him out the first time he called on him in his garret, Boswell was in the seventh heaven; and when the Doctor, in a convivial moment, at the close of a supper, actually observed, "'My dear Boswell, I love you very much,'" the biographer naively writes, "Now, Temple, can I help indulging vanity?"

It was this man's peculiarity to fancy that he reflected the greatness of those with whom he associated, and that if he only kept close to them, he would rise in moral stature in the world's eye. When he went abroad for his travels, he spent his time in hunting celebrities. The best game he caught was the Corsican Paoli. Him he used in various ways. He walked arm in arm with him in public places. He wrote a book about his conversations with him. He wrote a history of Corsica, mainly to show that he had talked to Paoli. He corresponded with Chatham about Paoli. Even when Johnson roughly bade him "empty his head of Corsica," he continued to trade on Paoli, went to masked balls as a Corsican chief, in "a short dark-colored coat of coarse cloth, scarlet waistcoat, breeches, and black spatterdashes, making altogether an elegant as well as a warlike appearance;" discussed democracy with Lord Grosvenor, who personated a Turk, and took care to write a full account of the whole affair for the fashionable paper; and actually went so far as to run into debt for powder and ball for the struggling Corsicans. His character and his merits, it is instructive to note, were even at this period pretty well understood. The poet Gray, writing to Walpole, observes that "Mr. Boswell's book pleased and moved me greatly—that part, I mean, which relates to Paoli. It proves that any fool may write a valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and said with veracity."

Later in life he wrote, "I am really *the great man now.* I have had David Hume in the forenoon and Mr. Johnson in the afternoon of the same day visiting me. Sir John Pringle, Dr. Franklin, and some more company dined with me to-day; and Mr. Johnson and General Oglethorpe one day, Mr. Garrick alone another, and David Hume and some more literati another, dine with me next week. . . . *This is enjoying the fruit of my labors;* and appearing like the friend of Paoli." If toadyism had not existed, Boswell would have invented it.

All his life was a struggle between toadyism and vanity. Walpole declares that Boswell forced himself upon him in spite of his teeth and his doors. He was forever writing letters to any and every great man, who, he thought, would give him the trouble to answer them. No slight could offend, no insult could repel him. When he dined at the Duke of Argyle's with the Duchess of Hamilton, who was interested in a lawsuit in which he was retained on the opposite side, he "offered her some of the dish before" him. She took no notice whatever. He "was not in the least disconcerted, and with a glass in" his "hand, with a respectful air addressed her: 'My lady Duchess, I have the honor to drink to your grace's good health.'" He "repeated the words audibly and with a steady countenance." She did not appear to know that he was in the room. He "made some remark which seemed to imply a belief in second sight. The Duchess said, 'I fancy you will be a Methodist.' This was the only sentence her grace deigned to utter." What, does the reader imagine, was Boswell's comment on this singular adventure? "When I recollected," says he, "that my punishment was inflicted by so dignified a beauty, I had that kind of consolation which a man would feel who is strangled by a silken cord."



JAMES BOSWELL.

Yet his vanity was preposterous. He believed he was a genius. "When Wilkes and I sat together," he says, "each glass of wine produced a flash of wit like gunpowder thrown on the fire—Piff, paff!" When he went to Eton to place his son at school, he was struck with the "high consideration" shown him. "I certainly have the art," he observes, "of making the most of what I have. My classical quotations were very ready." His father had rather a poor opinion of him, and used to say, "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon; he's gaen clean gyte." The son did not concur in this view. When he went on his travels, he announced his intention of not allowing himself to be straitened by any parental prejudices; and when his father wrote him sharp letters, he exclaimed, in a burst of candor to his friend Temple, "How galling it is to the friend of Paoli to be treated so! Had you such a son as myself, Temple, would you not feel a glow of parental joy?" He was almost killed by the "malignancy" of a rival biographer of Johnson, who "spoke of" him "as quite unknown;" and actually called on him to suggest that in future editions of his book he would allude to him, not as "Mr. Boswell," but as "the Boswell," or at least "the famous," or "the well-known Mr. Boswell." Of his own biography, which he compared to the Odyssey, he declared that he "was satisfied that it was the most perfect that could be conceived, and more of a life than any work that has ever yet appeared." Perhaps he was not so far wrong in this. Nor was his belief in the excellence of his heart less sturdy. His letters constantly abound in allusions to his generosity, candor, and warmth of feeling. "If you can aid me," says he, writing to an acquaintance to solicit an office for a friend, "you will most truly oblige a worthy fellow, for such I am."

But the man's love affairs are the most amusing part of his history. The young lady with "a just regard for true piety and thirty thousand pounds in her own right" soon disappears from the scene. She gives place to "a dear infidel," who is "no longer bound to him who was her husband." Boswell is satisfied that she "loves him sincerely," for she "is perfectly generous, and will not hear of any present." A couple of days afterward he is "uneasy about her:" "She is ill-bred, quite a rompish girl; she debases" his "dignity;" but she "is very handsome and lively." It seems that the "husband" to whom the charmer was "no longer bound" had omitted to provide a lodging for his relict. Boswell took a house for her. Tormenting himself afterward about her want of dignity, he went to her and "confessed that he was very unhappy, but would not tell her why." She gave up the house. He "went in the afternoon and secured it again;" on the strength of which the lovers were tolerably comfortable. He "held her dear hand; her eyes were full of passion; he took her in his arms; he embraced her with transport."

That evening he went out, got abominably drunk, and committed follies which can not be described. Next morning, smitten with remorse, he hastened to his lady-love, and confessed all. She "bade" him "rise, took" him "by the hand, said she forgave" him; "gently upbraided" him; "and bade" him "in time coming never drink on any account. Own to me," the impassioned lover adds, "that this was noble!"

One month afterward he discovered that his fair one had "a bad character." His "love-sick heart recoiled." He "roused all his spirit," and gave her her congé in a letter written in cipher. Exulting in the feat, he declares that his "life is one of the most romantic that you or I really know of; and yet" he is "a very sensible, good sort of man."

He now thinks of marrying. He finds a young lady "who has an estate of her own between £200 and £300 a year, just eighteen, a genteel person, an agreeable face, of a good family, sensible, good-tempered, and pious." His "great object," however, "is the ancient family of Auchinleck," to whose domains the lady's estate is contiguous; and he reflects with satisfaction on the fact that "her children would be all Boswells and Temples." On seeing her, he discovers that "she is the finest woman he ever beheld;" and unmindful of the injunction of his last flame, he "gets quite intoxicated while drinking her health." Resolved to bring the matter to a crisis, he proceeds discreetly by sending his friend Temple to visit the lady as an embassador, and for his guidance provides him with written instructions. "Salute Miss Blair and her mother," says the careful lover. "Ask to walk. Talk of my mare, the purse, the chocolate. Say you are my old and very intimate friend. Praise me for my good qualities—you know them; but talk also how odd, how inconstant, how impetuous, how much accustomed to women of intrigue. Ask gravely, 'Pray don't you think there is something of madness in that family?' Talk of my various travels—German princes—Voltaire, and Rousseau. Consider what a romantic expedition you are on."

Meanwhile the ardent lover suffers in health from the consequences of his dissipation. "All this evil," he declares, "is due to my getting drunk, because I would drink Miss Blair's health in too large a bumper. But general laws seem hard in particular cases." The lady receives the embassador graciously, and replies that she "resolves to be cautious and to study" Boswell's disposition. "Adorable woman!" cries the lover; "I can hardly restrain myself from writing to her in transport."

This was in August. In October the lady allowed her lover to write her three letters without answering. Boswell wrote her "a strange Sultanish sort of letter, cold and formal," and allowed three weeks to elapse; then raced to his charmer's abode to have an understanding with her. He "staid in the house." He "dressed in green and gold, had" his "chaise, in which" he "sat alone like Mr. Gray, and Thomas rode beside" him "in a claret-colored suit, with a silver-laced hat." But Miss Blair did not relent. He writes her another letter—"could the proud Boswell say more?" But she replies "cool things." He then suddenly discovers that he "should have been ruined had" he "made such a woman" his "wife." Three people had "agreed in abusing her as a jilt. What a risk," he cries, "have I run!" "After this," he adds, he "shall be on" his "guard against indulging the least fondness for a Scotch lass;" he is "a soul of a more southern frame." He "may be fortunate enough to find an Englishwoman who will be sensible of" his "merit, and will study to please" his "singular humor." A day or two afterward she "comes to town;" he meets her, tells her he "adores her, and, Temple!" he ventures "to seize her hand. She is really the finest woman" he "ever saw."

"He went to the theatre with her; the play was Othello. "At the most affecting scenes" he "pressed his hand upon her waist; she was in tears. The jealous Moor described" his "very soul." He waited upon her, and told her he "was most sincerely in love with her;" he asked if she had any particular liking for him?

She replied, "No; I have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you."

Boswell. "Do you indeed? Well, I am obliged to you for telling me in time."

Miss Blair. "I like the Duchess of Gordon better than you."

Boswell. "But do you like no man better than me?"

Miss Blair. "No."

This confession is enough to elate Boswell to the skies. He "admires her more than ever. She has the justest ideas." He is over head and ears in love; "amidst all which" he "confesses" that he "has been as wild as ever."

A month afterward he goes at it again, and asks her "Have I no chance?"

"No," says she.

"Say so upon your word of honor."

"Upon my word of honor you have none whatever."

Upon which the luckless lover remarks to his friend, "So I think, Temple, I had enough. And now that it is over, I can see many faults in her. Do you not think she has not feeling enough, nor ingenuous spirit? . . . . . My mind is now enlarged—you can not say how fine a woman I may marry, perhaps one of the noblest of the kingdom."

After a lapse of some weeks he meets her again; "walks whole hours with her; kneels, becomes truly amorous;" but, alas! when it comes to the point, the obdurate charmer repeats that she "does not like him enough to marry him." "You never saw such coldness!" says poor Boswell, in amazement. But he was not conquered. He "wrote her the most passionate letters;" but, "luckily for" him, "she affected the same coldness, and not a line would she write." In the midst of his despair there came a letter from a "sweet Mary Anne," and he suddenly grew "as indifferent to Miss Blair as if he had never seen her." This seems to have been the last of this love episode.

The "sweet Mary Anne" was a young lady of sixteen, "formed like a nymph," with a Dublin education, uncommon sensibility, and a prospect of an estate worth £1000 a year, and £10,000 in ready money. He swears upon his honor that he "never was so much in love." "What a fortunate fellow am I!" he complacently cries; "what a variety of adventures in all countries! I repeated my fervent passion to her, and could swear that her little heart beat. . . . I am fixed beyond all possibility of doubt as to her. . . . She is like a very part of my soul." What a contrast between her behavior to him, and the obduracy of Miss Blair to "her candid, generous Boswell!"

A few weeks afterward he married Miss Margaret Montgomerie, a connection of Lord Eglintoun. This lady was slightingly mentioned by Johnson; but the lexicographer and Mrs. Boswell do not seem to have agreed well together. She not unnaturally objected to the sovereign control which Johnson exercised over her husband, and said that she had often seen a bear led by a man, but this was the first instance in which she had seen a man led by a bear. Before Boswell married, he tried very hard to persuade his great model to discourse on the duties of a husband. Johnson would only say that a woman must have very strong and settled principles of religion, and that she would not be the worse for being learned; but he left his disciple to find out his own duties. It is to be presumed that he was satisfied with his own performance, for he writes frequently during his marriage that he is "abundantly sensible of" his "happiness in being married to so excellent a woman," and that he "believes" he "makes her very happy."

We note, however, that sometime afterward he "dined *tête-à-tête* with my charming Mrs. Stuart—two courses and a dessert with dumb waiters. We talked with unreserved freedom, as we had nothing to fear; we were philosophical upon honor; we were pious." It is satisfactory to read a subsequent sentence: "She is my wife's dearest friend, so you see how beautiful our intimacy is." One day the husband of this Mrs. Stuart joked Boswell on his ugliness. The latter quickly retorted by asking him whether his wife agreed with him on that point?

We likewise note with pain that on a certain journey there was "a Miss Silverton in the fly with" him, "an amiable creature who had been in France." He assures us, however, that he "can unite little fondnesses with perfect conjugal love."

Again, when he had occasion to travel from Newcastle home, with a sprained ankle, "an agreeable young widow was kind enough to nurse" his "lame foot on her knee." On which this ineffable prig remarks, "Am I not fortunate in having something about me which interests people at first sight in my favor?"

When his wife was on her death-bed, poor Boswell was deeply grieved, and self-reproachful. He was shocked to find "the valuable woman emaciated and weak." He recollected "a thousand instances of inconsistency in his conduct to her," and "frequent scenes of what he must call dissolute conduct." When she died, he "could not bear to think of that sensible and lively woman lying cold and insensible." He notices, in the next sentence, that "nineteen carriages followed the hearse."

Some months afterward, when Boswell was fifty-one, his "fancy was seized for an adventure" with a lady, "seven-and-twenty, a Ranelagh girl, but of excellent principles, so much so that she reads prayers to the servants every Sunday evening." He asks his friend, "Could I honestly ask her to unite her fate with mine?" And again, a few months later, he informs Temple that he "has had several matrimonial schemes of late—one with a most agreeable woman *d'uncertain âge*, and with a fortune of £10,000." But nothing seems to have come of them.

Poor Boswell! In his later years he was very miserable; always in low spirits, and not unfrequently in pecuniary distress. Throughout life he had been unable to govern his appetites; we constantly find in his letters doleful complaints of his having been "intoxicated again, and much abashed." He was a great eater, and in a convivial moment penned an Ode to Gluttony, of which one verse may impart an idea both of his poetic powers and of his prandial propensities:

Hail! Gluttony! oh let me eat
Immensely at thy awful board,
On which to serve the stomach meet
What art and nature can afford.
I'll furious cram, devoid of fear,
Let but the roast and boiled appear;
Let me but see a smoking dish,
I care not whether fowl or fish,
Then rush ye floods of ale adown my throat,
And in my belly make the victuals float!

Yet he was a favorite in London society, which he considered "heaven upon earth;" was asked every where; and despite his conceit and whimsicalities, knew how to make himself generally agreeable.

There is so much in these letters which tempts one to despise poor Boswell, that it is refreshing to find a redeeming trait. Despite his veneration for Johnson, whose views on the "American question" are known, Boswell does not seem to have shared the Tory notion that the stamps ought to be forced down the throats of the colonists. "That I am a discourager of much liberty in the people, I avow," says he, candidly; "but it is not clear to me that the people in the colonies are completely our subjects. The measures of administration appear to have been ill digested and violent. I can figure Britain and the colonies in a most agreeable state, like a father and son who are both sensible and spirited men, who, having a kindness for each other, study to promote a common interest." Hume, the historian, declared at the beginning of the contest that England "could not subdue the colonists; and that another gun should not be fired but for decency's sake;" to which Boswell sensibly replied, that he thought "the lives of fellow-subjects should not be thrown away for decency's sake, and that our right to tax was not at all clear." A few weeks later, he writes: "I am growing more and more an American. I see the unreasonableness of taxing them without the consent of their assemblies." And he declares, that he "would not have been one of those who rejected the petitions from America—no, not for half the British Empire."

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY.

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT AND ANECDOTE.

HISTORY OF A LITTLE POEM.

Charles Cowden Clarke, in his "Riches of Chaucer," preserves an anecdote of Keats in the composition of one of his sonnets. "It happened at the period when Keats was about publishing his first little volume of poems, in the year 1817. He was then living in the second floor of a house in the Poultry, at the corner of the court leading to the Queen's Arms Tavern—that corner nearest to Bow Church. I had called upon him there, and finding him engaged, took possession of a sofa, and commenced reading from my then pocket-companion, Chaucer's 'Flower and the Leaf.' The fatigue of a long walk, however, prevailed over the fascination of the verses, and I fell asleep. Upon awaking, the book was still at my side; but the reader may conceive my delight upon finding the following elegant sonnet written in the book, at the close of the poem. During my sleep, Keats had read it for the first time; and, knowing that it would gratify me, had subjoined a testimony to its merit that might have delighted Chaucer himself:

Sonnet upon reading "The Flower and the Leaf."

'This pleasant tale is like a little copse,
The honeyed lines so freshly interlace
To keep the reader in so sweet a place;
So that he here and there full-hearted stops;
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
Come cool and suddenly against his face:
And by the wand'ring melody may trace
Which way the tender-legged linnet hops.
Oh, what a charm hath white simplicity!
What mighty power hath this gentle story!
I, that forever feel athirst for glory,
Could at this moment be content to lie
Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sobbings
Were heard of none beside the mournful robin's.'"

PLAGIARISM—MACAULAY.

Charges of plagiarism, implying theft or dishonesty in the word, should be advanced with caution. They may fall upon the best and worthiest. The most high-spirited conduct and the most fertile mind may be leveled with the basest deception and poverty-stricken intellect. In all writers of well-tried powers, of undoubted originality, the presumption should be when an expression is found in their writings taken, without acknowledgment, from another author, that it is an inadvertent, unconscious act of the memory. Certainly, if any man can get along without this literary picking and stealing, it is the historian Macaulay; yet we find him fairly caught in the act of borrowing a felicitous and characteristic saying from Hume. In the second chapter of Macaulay's History of England, describing with his usual vigor and a spitefulness of expression the unpopularity of the Puritans, he says of their aversion to bear-baiting: "It is to be remarked that their antipathy to this sport had nothing in common with the feeling which has, in our own time, induced the legislature to interfere for the purpose of protecting beasts against the wanton cruelty of men. *The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.*" Hume, in his sixty-second chapter, "The Commonwealth," says, "Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the *sport* of it, not the inhumanity, gave offense."

Macaulay is also indebted to Sydney Smith for a striking illustration. The latter, in his review of a book by Dr. Parr, objected to the prolixity, and reminded the author of the abbreviated duration of human life since the deluge: "This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and postdiluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those inferior limits which were better accommodated to the abridged duration of human life and literary labor. Now, to forget this event, to write without the fear of the deluge before his eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion, is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall." More than twenty years later, in the same *Edinburgh Review*, Macaulay, reviewing Nares' "Memoirs of Lord Burghley," has: "Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. But, unhappily, the life of man is now threescore years and ten; and we can not but think it somewhat unfair in Dr. Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence."

DAVID HUME'S TABLE-TALK.

In the recently published letters of Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, to the Rev. William Johnson Temple, there are some pleasant notices of the conversation of Hume. Under date of Edinburgh, June 1775, Boswell writes to his friends: "Since I came down, I have seen Mr. David Hume several times. I know you love to hear little anecdotes of him, so I shall endeavor to cull as many as I can. I first saw him one forenoon that I called on him; he had Macpherson's History [of Great Britain from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover] before him, and he said it was the worst style he had ever read, and that Macpherson had written his two volumes in quarto in six weeks; he said he himself did not like to continue the History of England further down, because we have not yet had access to papers sufficient to let us know, with authenticity, the state of affairs; and it is disagreeable to write history which afterward might be proved not to be true. He spoke highly of the 'Histoire Philosophique et Politique,' and I wondered to find him excuse very easily the author of that book for translating long passages from English writers without quoting them, but just ingrafting the passages into his text; he said there are about fifteen pages translated from his History, but he complained of one mistake. He has mentioned that the clergy carried their claim of tithes to so strange an excess that they insisted to have a tenth of the gain of courtesans; the Frenchman, mistaking courtesans for *courtisans* (courtiers) in his own language, makes the tenth to be of the *gains de ceux qui avaient des emplois à la cour.* 'This,' said David, very justly, 'takes the salt from the observation.' He says Abbé Raynal can not have written that book himself; the eloquence must have been borrowed; he is said to be a dull man in conversation; that, however, is not a certain rule for judging that a man can not write well; but he has written ill; his 'Histoire du Parlement d'Angleterre' is very ill written. . . . . . . I supped at Mr. Hume's, where we had the young Parisian (a traveler recommended by Buffon), Lord Kames, and Dr. Robertson, an elegant supper, *three sorts of ice-creams.* What think you of the Northern Epicurus style? I can recollect no conversation. Our writers here are really not prompt on all occasions, as those of London. On Saturday the Parisian and Mr. Hume and some gentlemen supped with me—no fruit that night either. But the word fruit makes me recollect that Hume said Burke's speech on Reconciliation with the Colonies, which I lent to him, had a great deal of flower, a great deal of leaf, and a little fruit.

What follows is a choice specimen of Boswell: "Mr. Hume and Lord Kames joined in attacking Dr. Johnson to an absurd pitch. Mr. Hume said he would give me half a crown for every page of his Dictionary in which he could not find an absurdity, if I would give him half a crown for every page in which he did not find one: he talked so insolently, really, that I calmly determined to be at him; so I repeated, by way of telling that Dr. Johnson *could* be touched, the admirable passage in your letter, how the Ministry had set him to write in a way that they 'could not ask even their infidel pensioner, Hume, to write.' Upon honor, I did not give him the least hint from whom I had the letter. When Hume asked if it was from an American, I said, No, it was from an English gentleman. 'Would a *gentleman* write so?' said he. *In short, Davy was finely punished for his treatment of my revered friend; and he deserved it richly, both for his petulance to so great a character, and for his talking so before me.*" The last part of the sentence lets out much of the character of Boswell. Johnson, as the great magnet, was to be worshiped, and not less the inferior bit of iron, James Boswell, which had rubbed against him, and appropriated his virtues and titles to respect. Boswell was a shabby, selfish fellow—not much admired as a man before, and likely to be still less so after, the revelations of these letters to Temple.

A GOOD-NATURED MAN.

Lady Hervey,

"Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel"

of the poet Gay, writing to the Rev. Edmund Morris, shortly after the death of the Earl of Bath, characterizes with *naiveté* that departed nobleman: "He was a most agreeable companion, and a very good-humored man; but I, that have known him above forty years, knew that he never thought of any one when he didn't see them, nor ever cared a great deal for those he did see." . . . "I am sorry he is dead; he was very agreeable and entertaining; and whenever I was well enough to go down stairs and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come and give me his good company in return. I was satisfied with that. One must take people as they are; perhaps hardly any one is in every respect just what they should be."

OPPOSITES IN LOVE.

"Love," says Theodore Hook, "is made up of contraries; a fair woman, they say, best loves a dark man; a tall man generally selects a little woman for a wife; and the portly dame admires to tuck a pigmy spouse beneath her sheltering arm; the mild and timid girl turns with delight to the bold and sparkling lover; the ancient crone sighs for the blooming youth; and the wisest seek in the society of the weakest the pleasing relaxation from the austere duties of the bar, the senate, or the state."

DOCTOR PARR AND SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Sir James (then Mr.) Mackintosh once dining in a large party with Dr. Parr, the conversation turned upon an Irish Roman Catholic Priest, who had been executed for treason at Maidstone. Mackintosh, violent in his observations on the culprit, drew down upon himself the wrath of the Doctor. "Sir," said Parr, "the criminal who has been hanged was an Irishman—he *might have been* a Scotchman; he was a priest—he *might have been* a lawyer; he was consistent—he *might have been* an apostate!"

Parr was severe on Scotchmen. Jerdan, in his Reminiscences, preserves this specimen of his brutality: "I do not like Mackintosh; he is a Scotch dog. I hate Scotch dogs; they prowl like lurchers, they fawn like spaniels, they thieve like greyhounds; they're sad dogs, and they're mangy into the bargain, and they stink like pugs."

It is fortunate for the world that such intellectual and moral nuisances in society as Parr have passed away. These old terrors of malevolence and invective would now make the utterer of them simply ridiculous. The growlers and bull-dogs of literature belong to a race which we would fain hope has passed away forever.

CHRISTIAN NAMES OF WOMEN.

(To Edith Southey.)

In Christian world Mary the garland wears!
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round!
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas, and of Abigails, few lines
Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marian?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
These all, than Saxon Edith, please me less.

Charles Lamb.

LITERARY.

Mr. Bull, like his American cousin, has always his particular excitement for the time. Just now he is devoted to the pictures of Turner, which are on exhibition, and which fill the papers with criticism and discussion, but mostly with overflowing admiration. Ruskin, who is the apostle of Pre-Raffaellitism, is the great expounder of Turner's meaning in those pictures which are obscure, and the defender of his departures from ordinary rules of art. Turner himself was eminently a Pre-Raffaellite—the head and front of that school in England. Rev. Edward Young, M.A., of Cambridge, is the chief opponent of Turner dead and Ruskin living. We have said thus much by way of introducing a capital book by Mr. Young, which he calls Pre-Raffaellitism, but which might perhaps be better denominated *Mr. Ruskin Flayed.* Without entering into the merits of the controversy between the exact copyists and the imaginative imitators, where, as usual, truth lies in the middle, we may, nevertheless, enjoy keenly the style of excoriation which Mr. Young adopts as if he loved it. Jeffrey, in his best days, was no more delicate in the use of his knife, skillful in applying the red-hot pincers, judicious in letting up the thumb-screw at the last moment, than is Mr. Young in this little piece of fancy-work that he calls Pre-Raffaellitism, on the *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle; for when the book was written and printed, Pre-Raffaellitism was annihilated until some one shall come to its rescue or resurrection.

In his very introductory chapter, speaking of a late exhibition of paintings, he descends on the unlucky school who defend Giotto and Perugino, and teach that exact imitation of minutiæ is the greatest merit of religious paintings:

> It shall be taken for granted that you have devoutly pondered, though you can never fathom, that most mysterious of all mysteries, the incarnation of the Eternal Word. You have observed that it is essentially a *double fact*: that "Word" and "Flesh" are alike wrapped up in it. You may have noticed that, after the miraculous circumstances of his birth, for no less than thirty years of the mortal life of Jesus of Nazareth, one only incident is recorded by the Sacred Historian, and that issuing in a protest against a seeming momentary forgetfulness of his emphatic parentage; the inspiring Spirit drawing over a thousand other things, "angels" might "desire to look into," a vail impenetrable even to the eye of faith. You have not failed of further notice: that throughout the actual records of his after-life, there is not one solitary line but bears—I had almost said, sleepless evidence of the *double fact.* He comes to John for baptism; Heaven opens, and a voice declares, "*This is my beloved Son!*" He is tempted by the evil one; the result is the revealment of a "*Second Adam,*" on whom the tempter's artifices have, for once, no power. He sits weary and asks for water; and opens, ere it is given, the deeper well of human conscience. He sinks to sleep in the night of storms; it is to rise and bid the winds and waters subside to rest. He sheds natural tears at nature's grave; and from out those tears he speaks a word that despoils the grave of its boasted prey. Need we trace the sequel? He goes himself, with the mysterious lambent flame on his forehead, to the bar of judgment; but shame and spitting can not hide the incommunicable grandeur that is his birth-right. Soldiers come to seize him, and fall lifeless till he bids them rise and do their errand. They make Pilate write his accusation; and it is like Balaam [illegible] to curse, and compelled to bless. Death and Hell are [illegible] seeming triumph—nature sinks—he cries "*I thirst;*" [illegible] can not die, till he have pronounced the everlasting sentence "*It is finished!*" And when, at length, "despised, rejected," the Church denouncing, the State surrendering him, hung up a withering outcast between a darkened heaven and blaspheming earth, he was to bow the head, and be borne by dumb-stricken, palsied faith to the narrow dwelling-house; *the stones cried out,* the sun was troubled, the ground trembled, the graves gaped, heathenism itself found sudden utterance, and spoke out—with more than sybilline, more than prophetic plainness—"*This man was the Son of God!*"
>
> This is no rhetorical paradox. Let it be granted that you have pondered it.
>
> And then let me ask your impression, if, in the time and place referred to, you found another painting—cold, hard, dry, repulsive—with a sort of mockery of naturalness—presenting, with affected scrupulosity, the minutest particulars of a *carpenter's shop*—bench, boards, tools, shavings—the carpenter at his work—and children—not like "Hananias, Mishael, and Azariah," fed with pulse, yet "fairer than those that eat from the king's table"—not as if increasing "*in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man*"—not common children only, but emphatically common—meagre, hungry-looking, as though they had never seen "the kindly fruits of the earth," or never said a grace before they ate them; together with such august phenomena as a hand pierced in playing with a brad-awl—a basin of water; and the accident "hushed up" by a little woman, more ill-favored, if possible, than all the rest of the party? And what if, turning for information to the Catalogue, you read those tender, mournful, solemn words, "*Wounded in the house of my friends!*"

Be it remembered, however, that although Mr. Ruskin is demolished between the covers of this book, Mr. Ruskin himself survives, to be—as he has long been—the most accomplished leader and exponent of refined taste and high art in England—barring always his ultra Pre-Raffaellitism. His notes on the Turner Exhibition, now lying on our table, are exceedingly readable, which is certainly the highest compliment that can be paid a pamphlet that is intended as a companion in the presence of the pictures themselves. We have seen, somewhere, an excellent anecdote of Ruskin and Turner. The latter had exhibited one of his sea pictures, which contained his favorite, never-omitted, impossible-to-be-appreciated rain-storm, which any one who has seen a sea-piece by Turner will remember. A critic, noticing the painting in the daily paper, called it a mass of soap-suds and lamp-black. Not a bad idea, by-the-by, if it were, as we suspect, a picture that we have in mind. Ruskin says he heard Turner growling that evening to himself, "Soap-suds and lamp-black! soap-suds and lamp-black! I wonder if the fellow ever saw a storm at sea? What else would he have but soap-suds and lamp-black? That is exactly what it's meant for!" And he was right.

Scribner has recently published a Book of Public Prayer, for the use of Presbyterian churches especially, but well adapted to general use. Clergymen of various denominations have felt the need of some convenient formulas for public worship, funeral-services, marriages, and other occasions where no regular form is prescribed. This compilation, from orthodox authorities among the Reformers in Scotland and elsewhere, will prove an excellent aid on such occasions, and will enable clergymen and laymen to save themselves embarrassment in instances, which all who have had experience in such matters know very well are not infrequent. The lack of a uniform burial-service, to be used judiciously by the clergyman, has been very seriously felt. It is a mockery of religion to bury some men, as is not uncommon, with eulogistic pomp, and repeated assurances of glorious immortality, whose lives have been utterly abandoned. It is very desirable that every man should have decent, Christian burial, and that over his grave there should be said some of those words of faith and promise that lighten the future, if not to him who lies dead, to some who stand around. But this does not imply the necessity of burying the prize-fighter as "our beloved brother," or the dead woman of the town as "this our departed sister."

In this connection we recall an anecdote, well-authenticated, of an American clergyman, not entirely unknown in the literary world, better known, perhaps, in other departments than for his success in the ministry, who was called on to bury a man who had been a notorious infidel, and who had abused him in the streets in a most ruffianly manner. He declined attending the funeral, whereupon the son of the deceased threatened him with a horse-whipping if he did not come and bury his father. "Under compulsion," he consented, went, and found a large attendance, with the usual country arrangements—the coffin in the entry, and a stand near its head, with the Bible and hymn-book. The clergyman read the strongest psalm of David he could find, gave out to be sung one verse of a hymn—

Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head—

improved the occasion briefly in the same style, and left the audience in a state that can be better imagined than described.

We have a number of Scribner's books on our table, which we shall hardly find space to notice as they deserve.

The Cyclopedia of American Literature, *by the Brothers Duyckinck*, enjoys deserved success, and is announced in a sixth edition. No persons had better right to edit such a work than these gentlemen, who are sons of the head of one of the earliest and most respectable of the American publishing houses, and themselves men of fine literary abilities. Nor is their work one of ordinary kind. It is making bricks—and capital bricks—without straw. Without predecessor, it was a labor that can hardly be appreciated, to collect this immense mass of valuable material, relating to every American author, of greater or less distinction, from the earliest days to these. There was no one to look to as a model, and no one to steal from by way of lightening the labor. The book is an honest and a noble work, over which we find ourselves almost daily reading some piquant personal anecdote of an old friend; wondering how young our lady poets are; refreshing our memories of old and almost forgotten beauties of authors, whose names we had totally lost; and, in short, studying—what can not be studied any where else—the history of

American literature, page by page. We shall have occasion often to express our indebtedness to these volumes.

Headley's LIFE OF WASHINGTON, in his bold, readable, dashing style, so familiar to his thousands of readers, and so popular, needs only to be mentioned; nor have we space to do more with THE BIBLE IN THE WORK-SHOP, *by Rev. John W. Mears*, designed and well adapted to bring religion to the home and heart of the working-man; or with the LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND, *by Charles K. M'Harg*, which is a valuable contribution to biographical literature.

T. B. Peterson sends us two volumes of *Frank Forester's* SPORTING SCENES AND CHARACTERS, the publication of which has caused a difficulty between the publisher and Mr. Herbert, the author. Of the merits of this we have no information other than the advertisements of the respective parties. If, as Mr. Peterson alleges, he has purchased the copyrights of the books, he is right, and the author has no cause of complaint that his old works are republished in respectable style.—The same publisher sends us LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE, and other Stories, *by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz*; and MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP AND TRAVELS.

We have heretofore alluded very briefly to THE DESERT OF SINAI, *by Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar*, of Scotland. It is now published by Carter, and is a valuable book for its discoveries of Sinaitic inscriptions, as well as for the exceedingly pleasant, graphic, and familiar style of its well-known author. Dr. Bonar is an observing traveler, with a mind alive to the beautiful; thoroughly conversant with Biblical history; one who, when his tent is pitched for the evening halt, sits down before it, and enjoys with earnestness all the poetry of scenes as well as all the spirit of adventure—in short, one with whom it is as pleasant to travel in his book as we have known it, by experience, to travel with him over sacred soil. We shall be long in forgetting a Sunday morning by the Sea of Galilee with Dr. Bonar, when he sat under the ruined wall of an ancient Christian church, and, taking for his text a passage from the sermon that Christ delivered not very far from that spot, talked quietly, gently, and impressively, as he always writes, while the old sunshine lay on the holiest of waters before us.

We have another excellent book from the Carters, MEMORIES OF BETHANY, *by the Author of* "Morning and Night Watches," and other popular books of religious character. The author well says that there is no spot where sanctified thought so loves to dwell as on the home and village of Bethany. It was the place where the Saviour found, for a brief space, that resting-place for his head which he so often lacked; and no one man or woman in Christian lands can hear the name mentioned without remembering instantly that it is the spot where, for the consolation of all mourners, Jesus wept. The touching and hallowed associations which all must have with the holy place, are most happily and gracefully guided and encouraged in this book.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 16th, Senators Gwin, of California, and Hamlin, of Maine, presented their credentials to the Senate. A bill was introduced to pay $227,000 to Massachusetts for disbursements during the war of 1812. In the House, fifty river and harbor improvement bills from the Senate were reported, and referred to Committee of the Whole. A South Carolina claim for compensation for services during the war of 1812 was debated: so was the Tariff Bill. In Executive Session, the Senate is understood to have postponed further consideration of the Clarendon-Dallas treaty till after 5th March, and to have ratified the extradition treaty with Belgium.—On Tuesday, the Senate passed the bill increasing the pay of officers of the army: it now only requires the President's signature to become a law. Its effect may be inferred from the following table:

	Salary.	Increase.
Lieutenant-General	$10,620	$1828
Brigadier-General	7500	1100
Colonel	3000	800
Lieutenant-Colonel	2500	650
Majors	2200	550
Captains	1800	400
Lieutenants	1600	300

A bill was introduced into the Senate to amend the Act securing safety to travelers by steamboat and railroad. The House passed the bill repealing all the laws of Kansas, and providing for a new election. After much debate, and several motions to kill, the Submarine Telegraph Bill was recommitted for amendment to the Committee on Ways and Means.—On the following day, Wednesday, it was reported back, with amendments, and passed by 112 to 81. A Tariff Bill was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means. In the Senate, same day, the bills dividing Texas and Missouri each into two judicial districts were passed. Senator Gwin gave notice of Pacific Railroad bills.—On Thursday, the Senate ordered the bill repealing the acts of the Kansas Legislature to be laid on the table; and discussed, without acting upon, the amended Submarine Telegraph Bill. The House was occupied with the Report of the Investigating Committee; all the documents were ordered to be printed.—On Friday, Senator Gwin introduced to the Senate a Pacific Railroad Bill. A bill was introduced regulating the time and manner of electing United States Senators. In the House, leave was given to any member accused by the Investigating Committee to print his answer with the report. A Tariff Bill, submitted by Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, was passed by 110 against 84.—On Saturday, the Senate passed the bill granting a State government to Minnesota, and the bill establishing a judicial district in the Gadsden purchase. The House was occupied with the case of the impeachment of Judge Watrous.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

This body has reported, and recommends the expulsion from the House of four members of Congress—Messrs. Gilbert, Edwards, Welch, and Matteson, and one newspaper reporter, Mr. Simonton of the *Daily Times*. The report caused the utmost sensation in the House and without. It was accepted by a vote of 165 to 5, and further discussion postponed till Wednesday. We have commented upon it at length elsewhere.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The great question is, Who are to compose the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan? The newspapers have fresh revelations on the subject every day, and the consumption of statesmen in this amateur cabinet-making is prodigious. Not even the most robust politician can last more than three days. When we last went to press, the star of Howell Cobb was in the ascendant. It seems that the Southern fire-eaters, who object to Mr. Cobb as a conservative man, trotted out Mr. Walker to frighten Mr. Buchanan, and got some newspaper writers to say that Walker would be Secretary of State. The result of this manœuvre is variously explained. On one side, we hear that Mr. Cobb being unwilling to serve under any chief of his own age and standing in the party, Mr. Buchanan was forced at the last moment to send for poor old Mr. Cass and offer him the premiership, with the understanding that he was to resign it as soon as the forms of the inauguration were over and the Southern men in a calm frame of mind. But other newsmongers are more chary of imputing acts to the President. We hear of every thing that is said to him; but we don't hear much of what he says to other people. On the whole, though the majority of the press, at the time of closing this record, inclines to the belief that Cass will be the man, we see no reason why the President's choice should not ultimately fall upon Mr. Howell Cobb.

One reason why it is believed that Mr. Cass has been chosen is, that he walks instead of riding from his hotel to the capitol.

Another reason is, that one night last week, at a ball, he was civil to several pretty girls.

And a third reason is, that in the afternoon of Saturday, on receipt of a telegraph from Wheatland, Mr. Marcy was seen to laugh distinctly.

These reasons are understood to settle the case.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones will not go into the cabinet. There's no use trying to force him—he won't. He has made his mind up, so the country must get along as it can.

For the amusement of our readers we place on record a few cabinet programmes:

For Secretary of the Treasury.
Hon. Howell Cobb,
" Daniel S. Dickinson,
" Robert J. Walker.

For Secretary of War.
Hon. John B. Floyd,
" Francis W. Pickens.

For Secretary of the Navy.
Hon. A. V. Brown,
" Nathan Clifford,
" John B. Floyd.

For Attorney General.
Hon. Isaac Toucey,
" Judah P. Benjamin.

As for the poor Clarendon-Dallas Treaty, that improper little bird which always will tell secrets declares that Mr. Seward tried hard to save it, but that by a vote of 25 to 20 further consideration of its merits was postponed to the 5th of March, out of delicacy to the new administration. But the new administration is not likely to help it any more than the present one; and now the only chance (whether the Senate have reconsidered its vote, as is pretended, or not) for its resurrection is through the aid of new tonics to be applied by Lord Napier.

The Senate, by the way, are summoned to meet for dispatch of business on the 4th of March. Mr. Buchanan is expected in Washington by the 26th.

STATE LEGISLATURES.

The Legislature of New York is making ready to tax us all again for the canals. The Attorney General has decided that it is unconstitutional to disfranchise us by appointing commissioners from Albany to rule the city. A return of the number of pardons issued by late Governors of the State foots up as follows:

By Governor Young	268
By Governor Fish	100
By Governor Hunt	411
By Governor Seymour	465
By Governor Clark	580
Restoration to citizenship	409
Total cases of executive clemency	2233

The Legislature of Michigan have adjourned, having passed a Banking Law, disposed of the lands granted to the State for railroad purposes, and performed much other business.

MR. PEABODY'S MUNIFICENT DONATION.

Mr. Peabody, the London banker, who is shortly to return to England, has given the princely sum of $300,000 to found an Institute of Education in Baltimore, and will be increased) by him, as occasion may require, to half a million. Two years ago he first suggested to Reverdy Johnson, William E. Mayhew, and John P. Kennedy, the project of giving a donation of $100,000 or $150,000 for popular education in Baltimore, and inquired into what mode it could be most advantageously expended. No definite plan having at that time been adopted by those gentlemen, he took the opportunity of settling the details during his visit in the country. The wisdom of Mr. Peabody's course in not leaving the distribution of his charity to his survivors, is apparent from the litigation and controversy which have so often frustrated the purposes of benevolent testators in this country as well as abroad. There is also a peculiar fitness in the selection of Baltimore as the beneficiary of his liberality—a city where, in 1815, he began his business life, and where, during his fifteen years' residence, he laid the foundation of his fortune.

A NEW VOLCANO IN VIRGINIA.

A volcano has just burst forth in Virginia at a point on the mountain, directly between the heads of the dry fork of Cheat and the south branch of the Potomac rivers, at a place known by the name of the "Sinks," so called from the depressed condition of the mountain at that point. These "Sinks" are funnel-shaped, and each one embraces as much as an acre of ground. On the first day of January the reports caused by the bursting forth of the subterranean fire were heard for a distance of twenty or thirty miles. Vast columns of flame and smoke issued from the orifices, and red-hot stones were thrown up in the air several hundred feet above the mouth of the crater. The people in the vicinity are becoming alarmed at the pertinacity with which the flames are kept up and the red-hot masses of rocks thrown out. A heavy, rumbling noise, like distant thunder, is continually reverberating through the deep cavern of the mountain, which at times seems to tremble from summit to base.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Lord Chancellor, who read the Queen's speech. There is nothing in it. From the debate which ensued, it is evident that the English are hardly prepared for the rejection of the Dallas Treaty.

Lord Napier had not left.

COST OF GOING TO LAW IN THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS.

The agitation against these monstrous courts still continues. One of the first lawyers in England, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, thus speaks of their abuses in a late famous case:

"The late case of Dyce Sombre was a simple and ordinary case of a will set up by the executors and legatees, and opposed on the ground of unsoundness of mind in the testator by the widow and the next of kin; the suit was made to last for five years. The pleadings and evidence were all in writing, and filled two of the largest-sized folio volumes, containing together 1000 pages, and the expense of printing which alone was over £2000. The costs altogether were upward of £36,000. This may seem an extreme case, but it differs only from the most ordinary cases in the amount of the property at stake. If the estate of the deceased had been no more than £1000, the pleadings, the evidence, and the costs, must have been the same, unless, as would probably have occurred, the immensity of the expense had driven the parties to a compromise. If the bill which I propose to lay before Parliament at an early day had become law when this suit was commenced, it would have been decided, including the time occupied by the commission to India, in one year, and without that commission, in six months. The pleadings would have occupied two pages instead of 600. The evidence would not have been reduced to writing at all, and would have been given *vivâ voce* in open court, upon the examinations and cross-examinations of the counsel of the respective parties, and in the sight and hearing of the judges or jurymen who were to pronounce judgment upon it in the cause; and the costs, instead of £36,000, would not have amounted to the odd £6000.

A PRETTY HARD CASE.

Another illustration of the errors of laws, even in free countries, appears in the English papers. In the year 1853 Mr. T——, a young man of good connections and unimpeached character, employed in a Manchester house in the City, left London for Manchester. On arriving at —— station he changed his mind, and determined not to proceed to Manchester that night. On leaving the station for the hotel, he was stopped by a policeman, who accused him of stealing the carpet-bag he had with him. Unfortunately, it turned out that the carpet-bag did, in fact, belong to some one else, and had been taken by mistake. The police did not believe Mr. T.'s excuses; and, on searching him, they found his ticket for Manchester—a fact which strengthened the suspicions against him. He was accused of being a swell mobsman. He asked for his own carpet-bag; but the officers ridiculed the idea of his possessing any such article, and he was taken off to the station, imploring, but in vain, to be allowed to write to his wife. In the interval between his examination and his trial he attempted to escape, but was frustrated; and this, of course, strengthened the case against him. He was not permitted to communicate with his friends; and it was only after eight days from his apprehension—and then not without inquiry—that his wife discovered the cause of her husband's absence. She then went to the prison where he was confined, and also sought to induce the committing magistrate to accept bail; but he refused. At the trial it was arranged that various gentlemen of high standing should appear, and speak to the character of the accused; but, unfortunately, the case came on a day sooner than was expected, the witnesses for the defense were not present, the unhappy man was found guilty, and the judge sentenced him to some years' imprisonment. The poor wife all this time was confined with her sixth child; and anxiety brought on fever and insensibility. Her infant died, and two of her eldest children were carried off by scarlet fever within a few days. Some three months afterward the wife received information that her husband was dying in jail. She went there; but the husband knew her not, and she could scarcely recognize him. He was prematurely old, gray-haired, paralyzed, and idiotic, though only thirty-five years of age. After some legal formalities he was removed to a private asylum near London, but very shortly died. The wife and family had been disowned by the husband's relations; and now, having parted with all her furniture and personal ornaments, the poor mother earns a meagre living as a blond-runner, working through the greater part of the day for but scanty wages.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF THE DRAMA.

A few days ago, Mr. James Rogers, the well-known comedian at the Olympic Theatre, waited on Mr. Elliott, at the Lambeth Police Court, and handed to his Worship the sum of 13*s.* 4*d.*, with the following note: "Sir,—Allow me to present to the poor-box the inclosed 13*s.* 4*d.*, being the amount I received for performing at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday evening last. I am, etc., JAMES ROGERS." It appears that the remuneration of such members of the Olympic Company as performed before the Queen and Court on Wednesday, was calculated at an ordinary night's pay.

FRANCE.

THE EXECUTION OF VERGER.

As we feared, this wretched madman has been executed. The horrible scene took place on the 30th ult.

HOW HE RECEIVED THE NEWS.

The order of the Court for carrying out its sentence was received at the prison of La Roquette at midnight. The bearer was the executioner himself. At 2 o'clock in the morning the scaffold was already erected in front of the prison. In spite of the silence which had been observed as to the day of the execution, and the early hour at which the preparations were made, an immense crowd assembled on the spot, and so early as 3 o'clock a considerable number of carriages were arriving. Before 7 o'clock the Place de la Roquette and the streets adjoining were encumbered. The whole of the day previous Verger passed in a state of feverish restlessness; his agitation increased as the day wore on. He frequently asked questions about what was going on in the Court of Cassation, and manifested intense anxiety as to the result of his appeal. As night came on he began to entertain hopes of its success, from the fact of his having received no news of the proceedings; about 10 o'clock he asked those who watched with him in his cell how many days were usually accorded to convicts, after the rejection of their appeal in Cassation. This question he repeated as the hour waxed later. Of the Court he at last began to entertain misgivings; but he still clung tenaciously to the hope that his safety would come from the Emperor, and that the capital sentence would be commuted to perpetual banishment. He threw himself on his pallet, but for some time he found little repose. His agitation was extreme, and his slumbers were feverish, till 2 o'clock, when, nature being exhausted, he fell into a profound sleep, which was not broken by the noise made by the workmen preparing the scaffold. It lasted till 7¼ o'clock, when the Director of the Prison, the Inspector-General, the Chief of Police, and the Chaplain (Abbé Hugon) came to awaken him, and announce the terrible news that his last hour was approaching, and that he must prepare for death. It was the chaplain who undertook the office of informing him that his appeal had been rejected, that his petition to the Emperor was equally unsuccessful, that no further hope remained, and that all that was now left him was to prepare for death. The wretched man raised himself on his pallet; he held his head down for some instants, and turned it about bewildered, as if he had awoke from some terrible dream. When he became conscious of what was passing, and when the dismal words that hope was no more were fully comprehended by him, he cried: "Impossible, impossible!" The chaplain repeated that, unfortunately, it was too true, and that all was over. At once he became excited, and his excitement rose to fury. "I will not die!" he shouted. "It is impossible that my appeal and my pardon are both refused—impossible. I cling to life; my life is my own, and you have no right to take it from me." The chaplain endeavored to calm and console him, but in vain. He refused to listen to his prayers; he broke out in violence, and reviled the priest with language similar to that which he used before the Court of Assize. The director of the prison at length interfered. Verger cried, "Give me but an hour—an hour—but one hour—no more. I must write—I must send an express to the Emperor!" The director told him it was impossible. "Impossible! no, I will not die! I will not—I will defend myself to the last! You may murder me in this cell, but from it I will not stir." At these words he threw himself again on his bed, clung to it with head, hands, and feet, and resisted all attempts to lift him. The jailors had to be called in, and they were obliged to put on his clothes by main force. During the operation Verger made the greatest resistance, but finding all his efforts vain, he all of a sudden relaxed and fell into a state of prostration.

THE EXECUTION.

At a quarter to eight the executioner entered the cell to put on him the dress of the scaffold. Verger underwent this last operation without making a movement or uttering a word; he only shrank a little when the cold steel of the scissors that cut the hair from the back of the head touched his neck. The chaplain again approached him, and with tears in his eyes and tremulous voice once more exhorted him to think of his soul. He at first listened to the priest in silence, and then retired with him to a corner of the cell. He knelt, joined in prayer, and probably confessed, for the chaplain pronounced the absolution. Eight o'clock sounded, and at the last stroke he issued from the cell, and proceeded to the scaffold. He appeared calmer, and almost resigned to his fate; nevertheless, when bidding farewell to the director of the prison and his assistants, he once more implored for an hour "to write to the Emperor." At a few minutes after eight he issued from the prison-gate, when at once the scaffold in all its hideous reality met his eye. During the short passage he was supported by the chaplain on one side, and on the other by the director of the prison and the executioner. As he moved he was heard to utter the words, "*Amende honorable—Jamais; plus tard.*" He mounted the steps of the platform slowly, and on reaching it he appeared as if he wished to speak, but any words he uttered were not heard distinctly. It was thought they were, "*Vive Jesus—Sauve la France; sauve l'Empereur.*" He was again exhorted by the attendant priests. He knelt on the ground, and once uttered some words—it is hoped repentance for his crime, and prayer to Heaven for pardon. He slowly rose, cast a glance in the distance, took the crucifix in his hands and kissed the image of the Saviour; gazed for an instant on the cold and clear sky above, flung himself into the arms of the Abbé Hugon, and then surrendered himself to the executioner. He was fastened to the plank, and his neck placed under the instrument of death. At the given signal it fell, flashing in the cold light of the morning, and all was over.

THE EMPEROR TRIES TO BUY UP BERANGER.

M. Perrotin, Béranger's publisher, publishes a letter containing the following: "Last year her Majesty the Empress, feeling uneasy about the health and the circumstances of Béranger, proposed to me, through a person in her confidence, her own secretary, under a promise of the strictest secrecy, that she should pay to my credit an annual sum the amount of which was to be fixed by me, and which I myself was to give, in my own name, to Béranger. The proposal was indeed a royal one, and worthy of a noble heart; but I for my part had no right to accept it. It was only Béranger who could have a right to do so, and when I had obtained permission to inform him of the proposal which had been made, he entirely approved of my conduct, saying that he should not have understood my conduct if I had acted otherwise. He did more than this; he wrote me a letter in which he expressed, in excellent terms, the gratitude which at the bottom of his heart he felt for the kindness that had been shown him; and he added, that he had never been richer than he was at that moment—that he had never needed a larger income; and that his gratitude was the more sincere, since he did not accept the benefits with the offer of which he had been honored. This is all that has taken place upon the subject."

A QUEEN TAKEN TO THE POLICE STATION.

As the Emperor, at half-past two, on Saturday afternoon, the 31st ult., was leaving the reserved parterre of the garden of the Tuileries, to walk on the terrace by the side of the river, an elegantly dressed lady, leading a little girl about six years of age by the hand, advanced as if to speak to his Majesty; but some of the keepers of the gardens hastened to prevent her. "Dare you touch me?" she said, haughtily. "I am the Queen of Poland, and I have the right to speak to the Emperor, whose equal I am! I order you to inform his Majesty that I am here!" There was so much dignity in the lady's manner that the keepers hesitated whether they ought not to allow her to go to the Emperor; but some police officers who came up carried her off to the Prefecture of Police. There she was interrogated, and she again said she was the Queen of Poland, and desired to see the Emperor, in order to request his assistance in obtaining the throne of which she had been unjustly deprived. Inquiries having been made respecting her, it turned out that she is the wife of a gentleman who occupies a high position in the financial world, and that for some time past she had given signs of mental derangement, but that her husband and family were in hopes that she would recover without being sent to an asylum. After a medical examination she was conveyed to a *maison de santé*.

THE FRENCH EMBASSADOR AT TEHERAN.

M. Gobineau, the French *Chargé d'Affaires* to Persia, has been received in the most magnificent manner by the Shah. The master of ceremonies went to meet him at his hotel, followed by a brilliant cortége, and conducted him to his hotel, where he took the usual collation in presence of a number of high functionaries. He was then introduced to the Shah, who sat on his throne in the palace garden. Nothing like the Shah's condescension to this French envoy has ever been witnessed before. He insisted on his being seated during the interview, while the Princes and Ministers remained standing; and displayed the utmost kindness and condescension throughout.

THE REIGNING COURT BELLES.

A gentleman who had the good fortune to be invited to the last ball at the Tuileries, thus describes the two reigning belles: "The two beauties of the Court, the Empress and Countess Serrano, danced *vis-à-vis*, and it was thus easy to compare them. The Countess Serrano has the advantage of the Empress in years, and while she can boast of a face superior in beauty to that of the Empress while at repose, it lacks the beauty of expression and the childlike goodness which characterizes the Empress's face. The Countess Serrano is about twenty-four years of age, is much shorter than the Empress, has dark hair, and a face bearing the most exquisite lines that an artist ever admired. But she seems without vivacity and old at her age. The Empress, on the contrary, looks young, and there is life, and buoyancy, and gracefulness in all her movements. She wears a constant smile, and it is not difficult to discern that restraint sits heavily on her shoulders, and that she would only be too glad to enjoy a little of the liberty of those who come to pay her court. Her Majesty wore on this occasion a dress of rose satin with three flounces in *point d'Alençon* lace, of a new, heavy pattern, made expressly at a cost of five hundred francs the yard. At the top of the lace which encircled the body of the dress were two rows of diamonds. The neck bore no ornament. The head-dress was a crown in pearls and diamonds. The hair was dressed in short curls that were so disposed as to stand straight back from the top of the head—a new and singular *coiffure*."

THE LIONS OF THE COURT BALL.

The same writer, who seems to have had his eyes about him, thus describes some of the notabilities: "In the *Salon Blanc* you see, seated around ten or fifteen tables, a company of elaborately-decorated old men playing *lansquenet* and *écarté*. At one table you see the Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, who, they say, always gets up from the table a large winner. At another table you see the round white head of the Marquis D'Hautpaul, Grand Referendaire of the Senate, who will remind you at once of the deceased John M. Clayton. He, too, always rises from the table with his right vest pocket stuffed with Napoleons. Further down you see Baron Rothschild in a red coat and rich epaulets, a uniform which causes people who do not know him to mistake him for an English officer. But it is the uniform of an Austrian Consul-General, an office which he holds for France. He is surrounded by a group of ladies, and never condescends to play cards. His game is with Kings and States. The ex-King Jerome is not present; his son, Prince Napoleon, looks tame and quiet—since he has become an antiquary and a man of science—and does not dance. He seems occupied in making love to some ladies of the Ministerial side; in the background. General Count Regnault St. Jean d'Angely, Commander-in-chief of the Imperial Guard, may be seen standing near the chairs of state occupied by the Court, and on his arm leans an aged, white-haired lady. It is his mother, the Countess, now seventy-two years of age. Leaning up against the door leading into the Salle de la Paix you see a tolerably tall, straight man, with long, black hair, no beard, and a lively, animated face, who is always showing his fine large teeth, and whose breast is covered from side to side with foreign decorations. This is Philip Ricord, the great doctor, and you would suppose from the manner in which he stands there saluting every one that passes, that the whole assembly are, or have been, his patients."

THE NEW FASHIONABLE DANCE.

An English dance called the Lancers is now all the rage at Paris. At the late ball at the Tuileries both the orchestras played it three times, and it was amusing to watch the progress of the complicated dance. The English went through it with the stiffness and regularity of clock-work; the French danced it with great vivacity—one would say too much vivacity for the Imperial presence—but they danced it wrong. The Empress was enormously amused with these figures, and repeated frequently to the Emperor and those around her, "*C'est jolie, mais je n'y comprends rien du tout!*" A French party led by the young Prince Murat went through this new dance to perfection, while another French party at their side were at fault at each step, and her Majesty did not cease for a moment to ridicule playfully their awkwardness.

MADAME WALEWSKI'S BALL.

The ball at the Foreign office, on the 26th, was, of course, crowded. Madame de Walewski did the honors with inimitable grace. The lion of the evening was the Persian Ferouk Khan, whose magnificent costume and manly person were objects of great admiration. His attachés were voted charming by the ladies. They speak French as well as if they had been born in Touraine, and are perfect gentlemen in every respect. While the ball was at its height a message from the Rue St. Florentin threw a shade over some of the elder faces—the Princess of Lieven had just expired.

DEATH OF PRINCESS LIEVEN.

Every one in Paris is talking of the death of this famous lady. Two days previous to her demise, a Russian of very high rank, passing through Paris, left his name at the Princess's door. He has been embassador in two first-rate capitals, and now occupies one of the highest places at court. A few hours after, he was sent for to the Hotel Talleyrand, and after talking with the Princess, only took leave of her under condition of coming to her again at the moment she might send for him. A few hours before her death he was sent for; and, obeying the summons instantly, was ushered into the bedchamber where lay what soon proved to be a dying woman, but who even then exhibited strong signs of vitality. There were then but three persons present, of whom M. Guizot was one. "My dear ——," said the Princess, with a smile, and pointing to her bedcover, "when you see the Empress (of Russia), tell her the shawl she gave me wrapped me up still." After some conversation, the Princess expressed a wish to be left alone, having just before asked for her fan and fanned herself. The gentlemen alluded to retired, and the Princess told one of her women to raise her in her bed. This was done; she fell forward; and before another sign could be given, breathed her last. When the persons in the adjoining room were recalled, the Princess Lieven was dead.

THE COUNTESS DE MORNY.

Our readers will remember that we lately mentioned Count de Morny's marriage to the Princess Troubetzkoi. The following romantic history of the Princess has just appeared in print: Nineteen years ago, a Miss Moussine Pouschkine, belonging to one of the oldest Russian families, young and beautiful, was maid-of-honor to the Empress Alexandria, wife of the deceased Nicholas. She lived at the Winter Palace, the Imperial residence. Gayety at that time was all the rage. A flirtation commenced between the fair maid-of-honor and Prince Sergius Troubetzkoi, a young and fast officer of the Guards, and whose parents were among the most select *habitués* of the Imperial mansion. The Prince had no idea of marriage; the lady strayed from the paths of virtue; the affair became known; the Empress brought it to the notice of the Emperor, and the seducer was ordered to marry his victim within twenty-four hours. This was, of course, done; but Prince Sergius, on the very day of his marriage, resigned his commission, and abandoned his wife.

A few months afterward a young Princess was born. The abandoned mother mourned for a while her faithless spouse, but, finally, having taken a gayer view of life, she was again accused by the otherwise not too rigid opinion of the world at St. Petersburg, of various *liaisons* with the gallants of the day, and among others, with the veteran Ribeaupierre. She at length left St. Petersburg on a traveling tour, staid some time in Geneva, and settled at last in Paris, where she "did the honors" of the bachelor establishment of M. de Kisseleff, Russian Minister, of Eastern war celebrity, and now Minister at Rome. Scandal assures us that the lady's intimacy with De Kisseleff was not a fruitless one.

After this event, the mother withdrew her daughter from Geneva, and both returned to St. Petersburg, where the young Princess was to finish her education in a monastery—an aristocratic educational establishment, under the direct superintendence of the Empress.

The Princess Sophie, at the completion of her education in the monastery, was created maid-of-honor—it being customary to bestow this distinction yearly on two or three pupils who passed the best public examination in the presence of the Empress and the Court. Care, of course, is taken that the lot shall fall on the handsomest and best born.

Such is the romantic story of the present Countess de Morny. She, like her husband, is an *enfant de l'amour*.

AN EX-DEPUTE TURNED MONK.

Those who remember Paris under Louis Philippe can not have forgotten the Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Sauzet, of Lyons, who was equally remarkable for the clearness of his head and the dirtiness of his hands. In 1848, M. Sauzet, whose vocation was evidently gone, went to Rome, and acquired "sentiments of true piety." He has now resolved to become a Franciscan monk, and to end his days in a monastery.

A CONVERSION IN FRANCE.

At the close of a recent sermon by the eloquent monk, Lacordaire, a Protestant lady declared that she desired to be admitted into the Catholic fold. The announcement was made to the preacher, who was somewhat taken aback at first, as his sermon had been a purely political discourse. But he soon recovered himself, and desired the fair convert to approach, observing to his brethren of the clergy, "Ah! my brethren, the Lord's ways are very mysterious: He showeth grace where He will."

RULING PASSION PRETTY STRONG.

The Russian embassador, M. de Kourakin, visiting the prison of St. Lazare, had his snuff-box in his hand at the moment that he entered that portion of the prison in which women were confined for theft. One of the women, seeing it, fell into fits. After she had been brought round, she was questioned as to what had such an effect upon her. "It is so frightful," she said, "to see a gold snuff-box, and not to be able to take it." The Prince said, smiling, "It is impossible to alter the vocation of some people; this one has the further fault of an exceeding sincerity."

HIGH PRINCIPLE AMONG FRENCH SAVANS.

It appears that the chair of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire at the Collége de France (Greek Philosophy) is at length about to be filled. This chair was vacated by the refusal of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to take the oath to the present ruler of France. Since that time M. St. Hilaire has been repeatedly solicited by the Government to resume his post, under the condition that nothing shall be said about the oath, and that he had only quietly to resume his lectures. This offer M. St. Hilaire has steadily refused, and the present Minister of Public Instruction, hopeless of changing his determination, is about to appoint a successor.

GAMBLING IN PARIS.

The gambling at the clubs has become so frightful, and such large sums are lost by the members, that M. Billault has issued a circular reminding the Presidents of the law against gambling.

Well, two or three nights since, Prince Napoleon walked into the Imperial Club, and found the same pasted up upon the walls. Going up to it,

"What is this?" asked he, very loudly; and when answered by one of the *huissiers*,

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "then here is the account I take of such things."

And deliberately tearing down the placard, he threw it in the fire and ordered cards to be brought. The attendants hesitated, saying—

"There is a private room where your highness can play."

To which Plon-Plon, as he is called, replied,

"I don't want to hide—I will play here openly—I care for neither Billault nor Pietri, so instantly bring me the cards."

Of course the cards were brought, and the prince played as much as he liked; more, perhaps, for he lost 60,000 francs, and his friend, M. de la ——, 25,000 francs. But he had the satisfaction of declaring that he stood in no awe whatever of either Billault or Pietri, and would not submit to their caprices. Bad as this individual may be, it is but fair to say he always does revolt from every act of petty tyranny.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS THE YOUNGER.

The son of Dumas the novel-writer, is well known to fame as the author of some of the most improper, but, we are bound to add, entertaining and successful plays ever produced in France. The worst of them had a great run in this city, Boston, and elsewhere in the United States. It now appears that their author, instead of being the wild scapegrace which his works seemed to indicate, conceives himself to be a moral reformer, and deals in improprieties only to expose and discredit them. His first work was on the "Blessings of Christianity;" and another, of a semi-theological, semi-moral character, is about to appear.

HOW THE PAPERS ARE WATCHED.

One of the most witty writers on the French press, Mr. Edmond About, the author of some clever books about Greece, has got into trouble. He was a writer on the *Figaro*. Recently, in speaking of the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris, M. About, in order to give his readers a fair idea of his historical learning—for he has been a professor—quoted all the famous assassins who used the dagger with success, showing, at the same time, that all the wretches who had recourse to the gun or the pistol missed their aim. In the eyes of the chief of the police this was rather a broad hint given to some possible successor of Pianori, and if the feuilletonist had not been so well known as an indifferent politician, perhaps Cayenne or Lambesson, where so many innocent men dig their own grave, would have received one unlucky inhabitant more. At all events, M. About has deemed it prudent to leave the merry *Figaro*. He has been succeeded by Mademoiselle Augustine Brohan, one of the prettiest and best actresses at Paris.

THE CRINOLINE QUESTION.

Before the late ball at the Tuileries, it had been reported that the Empress did not intend on this occasion to wear any crinoline, and thus to set the fashionable world an example in reform. A good deal of anxiety was therefore felt by the fair portion of the guests to satisfy themselves on this point. There was a visible diminution in the dimensions of this last folly of the female world, and the court and all those near enough to her Majesty's person to know the truth beforehand, had followed her example. Still, among the public generally, the amount of crinoline worn was stupendous. Doors were blocked up now and then by a large party of malicious gazers, who suddenly broke away with great bustle and *fracas* whenever a lady attempted to pass, leaving the passage totally free, as if to hint that the whole space was not too much for her crinoline—to the utter confusion of the lady, who, in more cases than one, beat a retreat, unable to bear the attention thus drawn down upon her.

WHAT CANROBERT THINKS OF HOOPS.

It is well known that the gallant soldier is a great favorite with the ladies. At the Tuileries ball, one of the numerous assailants of his heart, the Marquise de T——, had been watching, with evident anxiety, his approach across the ball-room toward where she was seated. Her emotion became visible as he drew near, and she spread out even to a greater extent the already exorbitant skirt of her dress, which, with the aid of bouffans, flowers, crinoline, and flounces, filled the whole of the bench, burying beneath its ample folds two or three of her less resolute neighbors on either side. After a few of those little *minauderies* for which the marquise is remarkable, and one or two killing glances into the general's face, seeing that his attention was attracted by her toilet, she exclaimed, with an affected lisp, "Well, Marechal, what do you think of my dress to-night?" "Madame," returned Canrobert, with a smile of gallantry, as he surveyed, with an approving nod, its vast expanse, "I can not but admire it, for it recalls to mind the dearest *souvenir* of my soul." "Indeed!" exclaimed the marquise, her countenance brightening, and her eyes expressing at the same time all the varied emotions of hope, delight, and surprise, to which the remark had given rise, "and how so?" "Why, it reminded me, the moment I entered the room, both in its extent and shape, of my tent in the Crimea!" returned the marshal, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*.

GERMANY.

THE YOUNG EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

The young Empress is described as being as beautiful as Raphael's Virgin, and as mute. Her Majesty does not speak Italian, though she took lessons from M. Bolza during a long time. She speaks but little French. She listens, she looks on, and remains impassive to the compliments addressed to her on all sides. The presents made her she hands to her chamberlain without a smile or without a word of thanks. It appears that she lives solely in the love of her husband, who, on his part, appears to be passionately attached to her.

BRUTALITY OF THE AUSTRIAN OFFICERS.

The Austrian soldiery preserve their character for brutality. An illustrious Hungarian bishop was a few weeks ago on his way to Pesth, whither he had been summoned by the Governor, Archduke Albert. At at inn where his horses had to be changed, he left his carriage and went into the room. Seeing that the tables were occupied, he took possession of the only one which remained empty. The inn-keeper, who did not recognize a dignitary of the Church in a traveler wrapped up in a large fur-cloak, told him that this table was reserved for some daily customers; but, hearing that the stranger wanted only to wait until the horses were harnessed, he raised no further objection. At this moment entered the "daily customers," some officers of an Austrian regiment, who instantly showed their bad breeding by loading the traveler with the foulest abuse, and one of them forgot himself so far that he gave him a blow in the face. The bishop quietly opened his cloak, exhibited his clerical costume, and said: "Gentlemen, that you may know whom you have so wantonly insulted, I may as well tell you that I am the Bishop of ——. I am on my way to the Archduke Albert, and will not fail to communicate to him the manner in which his officers behave."

WHAT SHOULD BE THE COLOR OF BALLET-GIRLS' PANTALETTES?

This important question has lately been ventilated at Vienna in all its aspects. It was raised by a very pious and moral gentleman, formerly United States Consul, who was unutterably shocked by the pink color of the inexpressibles usually worn by Viennese ballet-girls. Being an intimate friend of the Pope's Legate, he suggested to the pious prince of the Church that the fair dancers should, in future, be sentenced to an ugly green color; it would be less handsome, but, at all events, more virtuous. The legate actually took the hint, and applied to the Minister, who, as a devoted servant of the clergy, like all Austrian statesmen, published the necessary decree. Great was the stupefaction and anger of the Viennese when they beheld their beloved fairies changed into so many gnomes, for until then the latter had enjoyed a monopoly of green trowsers; it was as if all the *tibias* of the ballet-girls had taken a bath in spinach. Vienna may bear a wholesome execution of patriots, a Catholic concordat, even a bombardment; but to be deprived of flesh-colored dancers is more than man can suffer; and there arose such a formidable cry of opposition, mixed with such a sarcastic laughter, that the Minister, the Nuncio, and honest Mr. S—— were obliged to yield. The eyes of the virtuous and the pure are again offended by that odious pink color, unless, as their Puritanism is not strong enough to keep them away from the opera, they choose to wear green spectacles.

ITALY.

PLEASANT CONDITION OF NAPLES.

Naples is certainly becoming a pleasant place to live in. A great number of arrests were made on the evening of the 9th inst., at various coffee-houses, and the prisoners were marched off to jail bound by cords. The *cafés* were then closed by order of the police; but on the following morning a printed placard appeared on the walls, bearing the words: "The faction which calls itself the Government arrests the whole city. Patience. The hour of the tocsin for vespers will arrive." The next night, according to a letter from Naples, the city was deserted, and the *cafés* empty. The gas has been turned off from a part of the Royal Palace, from the Theatre of San Carlos, and that of the Fonda, as an explosion is apprehended. The theatres are to be closed for three days, the 11th, 12th, and 13th, in order to avoid a demonstration which was prepared in them for the 12th, the King's birthday. To-morrow, the 12th, the Royalists are expected to make a demonstration of affection for their "adored Sovereign." The word has been sent round for all honest men to keep within doors; the streets will be deserted. Many families have already quitted their houses in the Rue de Toledo. At Penta, in the province of Salerno, a person named Petrone chanced to make some remarks about the King in a *café*. The gens-d'armes made an attempt to arrest him, but a priest, a brother of Petrone, issued out with a poniard in his hand, attacked the gens-d'armes, killed one of them, wounded three, and put the rest to flight. The whole family at once quitted the place, and repaired to the mountains. In this country, those who would enjoy liberty must lead the life of brigands. It is a civil war without a truce.

STATE OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

The razzias have ceased, but not the arrests. In the middle of the street, and in broad daylight, the commissaries of police, who patrol the town, stop numbers of people, search their pockets, their pocket-books, and even their purses. They beat them, insult them, and, at the slightest murmur, carry them off. The consequence is that when a police patrol is observed in the distance men and women scamper off in all directions. * * * Since 1849, the carnival at Naples has declined, but this year it is much more sad than usual. People dance no longer, not even at private parties. The aristocracy, poor, or avaricious, or timid, have quitted. The middle class are either in mourning for members of their families who have been condemned, or, if they be Liberal, fear to show themselves, and are hated if they continue any relations of interest with the Government. Commercial activity has ceased, and there appears no future for any class. I do not know to what extreme despair will drive us; but what I know is that this state of affairs can not much longer be supported by any one. Naples is no longer a city of the living, it has become another Pompeii. At nine o'clock at night you no longer see any one in the streets but patrols of *sbirri* and gens-d'armes. The few foreigners who are still here live only among themselves, and are bored to death. Newspapers are of course not received.

THE SEASON AT ROME.

They say that Rome is fuller than usual this season. The unsettled state of Naples, and the promised presence of sundry crowned heads, are the reasons assigned for the exorbitant demands of Padrone, which startle the stranger on his arrival, and make him think twice before he decides to spend the winter in the Eternal City. Provisions of all kinds are dear. The cost of living has nearly doubled itself within the last five years, so that those who contemplate an economical sojourn in Italy must be content with Florence or Pisa—at least till the Roman season is past; that is to say, until after Easter, when apartments undergo a sudden depreciation of 50 or 60 per cent. The spoiling process, commenced by the English, is receiving its finishing touch at the hands of the Americans. If Englishmen lavish their money like princes, Americans lavish theirs like emperors. "Of all families I have ever served," said a shrewd, intelligent courier, "give me an American for liberal expenditure; a Russian for closeness and meanness." The parsimony of the Russian *suite* at Nice is the gossip of the place, and does not add to the popularity of the Court. Queen Christina, the queen-mother of Spain, goes altogether on a different tack, and makes her presence felt, to the inconvenience of residents and visitors, by monopolizing the best boxes at the opera and theatres, and the best seats at concerts.

MR. GIBSON'S COLORED VENUS.

This famous statue still attracts much curiosity. For the benefit of those who can not see it, a short description may not be amiss. No man living, perhaps, is so thorough a master of form and proportions as Mr. Gibson; and his Venus is, in these respects, his *chef-d'œuvre*. The modeling of the torso and limbs is very fine, the form and sentiment of the back beautiful. Greek art is to Mr. Gibson evidently the alpha and omega of all art. The Greeks colored their statues; why should not the moderns? And so Mr. Gibson took brush in hand, and covered the beautiful, highly-wrought marble with a thin pink wash, stained the hair a delicate tow, pencilled the head-fillet blue and gold, gilded the apple in the hand, and made the hem of the robe to correspond with the band in the hair. Thus, neither flesh nor marble, statue nor woman, stands the Venus, challenging all beholders to accept or reject the innovation. Near to the Venus is a colored copy of his beautiful Cupid, even more eccentric than the Venus. The flesh a delicate salmon-tint, the hair a warmer tow than the Venus, in virtue of virility, perhaps, the eyes fixed and staring, looking over, not at, the butterfly on his breast, the wings tinted in palest hues of rose and blue; while the pedestal on which this masquerading god stands is of a deep tawny yellow, a bad imitation of *giallo antico*.

MR. CRAWFORD'S WORKS.

The American School of Art at Rome has become so important that critics are devoting much attention to it. One of the most promising members is Mr. Crawford, the sculptor, to whom has just happened a sad misfortune. A malignant tumor has formed behind one of his eyes, causing the eye to protrude from the socket, and threatening the most serious consequences. The necessity for the ablest medical advice has been so great that he has left Rome, where he was engaged with so much credit in the pursuit of his art, and at the latest dates was hastening to Paris. The last letter received from him by his friends in this city was dated at Civita Vecchia, about a day's journey from Rome. He had gained somewhat in strength, but the symptoms of his malady were not in other respects more favorable.

Mr. Crawford's studio contains at the present moment many unfinished works. His great monument to Washington, to be erected at Richmond, Virginia, will be one of the noblest works of art in America. The bronze equestrian statue of Washington, destined to surmount the monument, has been recently cast at Munich, and is now about to be transported to the United States. Mr. Crawford's designs for the bronze doors of the library at Washington are nearly completed, and will be the first modern work of that kind approaching the *chef-d'œuvre* of Lorenzi Ghiberti, in the Baptistry at Florence. His pediment for the United States Capitol at Washington is another fine allegorical representation of the advancement of science, agriculture, and civilization in the New World, and the consequent retreat and extinction of the wild Indian tribes.

INDIA.

MARRIAGE OF TWO HINDOO WIDOWS.

Society at Calcutta has been electrified by the unparalleled ceremony of a Hindoo widow getting married, instead of burning herself to death.

On the night of the 23d of Agrahayan, the Bengali month, corresponding with the 7th December, the first marriage of a widow took place in Calcutta, at the dwelling-house of Babu Rajkeishna Bannerjea, No. 12 Sukeas Street, where she had been residing for some time with her mother. The ceremony was performed according to the Shastras, in the presence of Pundits, Kalins, and other Brahmins, to the number of about eight hundred respectable Hindoos. The bridegroom was a Brahmah named Pundit Scrishchundra Vidyarunta, an educated man, who graduated at the Government Sanscrit College of Calcutta, and is now a Hindoo law officer in one of the circuits of Lower Bengal. The bride *was a girl ten years of age, and had been married for the first time at the age of four years, and became a widow at six.* Her first husband's name was Hurromohun Bhuttacharja, whose family are the spiritual guides, or Gooroos, of the Rajahs of the district of Nuddea.

On the night of the following day, the 8th December, the second marriage of a Hindoo widow was celebrated. The bridegroom was an educated and respectable man, and the bride was a *girl twelve years of age, who had been married at the age of nine years, and became a widow in three months.* As there is no other auspicious day for marriage in the Bengali month, and as the ceremony is prohibited in the next, no more marriages can be celebrated before the month of Magh, which is February; when, as the native journals say, "it is hoped several will take place in well-known and respectable families." The act of the Legislature, legalizing marriages of this character, was passed on the 26th of July, 1856; and these first fruits of the law are hailed with joy by those who are endeavoring to elevate the social life of the Hindoo race.

A GRAND TIGER HUNT.

Writers from Calcutta describe a recent tiger hunt which has caused a great sensation. A royal tiger had taken his abode in a jungle near Kurnool, which is a post of the Madras Government, on the Toombuddra River, in the centre of Southern India. During the two years past, this tiger has carried off and devoured some sixty people of the district, and from a fear of the terrible beast the cultivators had generally deserted their fields. One day in July last, he plunged into a crowd of forty natives, who, with one hundred bullocks, had formed a defensive party for tilling their fields, and carried off two men. The Governor made a proclamation last July, declaring war against the tiger, and offering a reward of 250 rupees for his skin. The jungles were watched day and night by a company of armed horsemen and a picked troop of Shikaries; and on the 11th September last they succeeded in surprising the man-eater as he was carrying off the body of a native whom he had just killed. The brute dropped the body and faced his hunters, who leveled their muskets and brought him down. One courageous fellow ventured too near the apparently dead tiger and was killed by a blow from his claws. The hair and teeth of a girl killed the previous day were found in the tiger's stomach. The agent of the Governor in making his report to head-quarters says: "No one has been carried off since the 11th of September, 1856. I conclude thereby that there was only one man-eater, and have heard that the people of that part of the district are resuming their pursuits."

NICARAGUA.

WALKER'S PROSPECTS.

It is very hard to know what to believe in the news from Nicaragua. Walker's enemies hold the keys of the outlet from Nicaragua, and almost all the news we receive is filtered through their medium. It seems certain, however, that Walker is as confident as ever, and probably stronger than ever in respect of men.

HIS CONDITION.

One writer says: "During the time that the steamers were supposed to be in possession of the enemy, General Walker has not been idle. He had a force at St. Jorge, and one also at Virgin, and has kept a large part of his army at Rivas (his head-quarters) employed in burning the poor, worthless houses outside the city, also cutting and burning the brush and weeds that surrounded the city within musket shot on every side. He has also built barricades in every position that could be attacked by a besieging party. He has kept his rangers busy in scouting the entire country, within thirty miles of Rivas, in every direction, and he has gathered every piece of arms that was in the possession of citizens on the Transit, at Virgin, and at San Juan del Sur, and taken them to Rivas. He has also taken possession of all the mules and cattle, or stock of every description, that could be found on the Transit and in the surrounding country, and carried them to Rivas. So that, at the present time, Rivas, with General Walker's force of eight hundred good, healthy fighting men, under the command of General Henningsen, is capable of standing a siege of at least two months against any number of the enemy that can be brought against it. He has plenty of provisions and ammunition, if used economically, as it will be, to last his army two months, or at least till he can receive reinforcements from the States, either from California or from the Atlantic side."

HIS FORCES AND SUPPLIES.

Another writer says that he has "800 men fit for service," and adds, "The health of the army was never better than at the present time (it being now the healthiest portion of the year in Nicaragua); for the last month there have been very few new cases of disease, and most of the deaths that have occurred have been of persons that were taken sick during the siege in Granada, or those that became very much debilitated from exposure and want of nourishment during the campaign of November and the first part of December, 1856. Since that time the troops have been well provided with suitable clothing and food. General Henningsen, having had the command of the army, has kept the different battalions in constant motion, marching from one place to another; thereby preventing the bad effects that are apt to arise from having a large body of men huddled together for a number of days in one town. General Walker has collected enough provision, live-stock, jerked beef, bacon, corn bread, flour, beans, plantains, etc., in Rivas to feed his army at least two months, if it should be the object of the enemy to besiege him. He is well provided with clothing for the present. The only ammunition he is short of is shell for his mortars. Grape, cannister, round shot, Minnie rifle, and musket cartridge he has in abundance—that is to say, to serve for about two months' hard fighting. He has sixteen pieces of artillery at Rivas, and two small pieces on the schooner at Juan del Sur. Rivas is beautifully barricaded and intrenched; there is no one place that the enemy can attack it, within musket shot, unless they come in plain open field and face the barricades, behind which General Walker's men can keep up an incessant fire both with artillery and musketry. The general has his artillery so situated that it commands every portion of the town that can be attacked. So that if within two months he can get reinforcements from the States, of men, ammunition, clothing, etc., I think his chances are very good, for now is the time to strike."

ARRIVAL OF COLONEL TITUS.

An eye-witness thus describes the arrival of Colonel Titus and his troops: "On the morning after the British steamer left the harbor of San Juan del Norte (February 4), the steamship *Texas* arrived from New Orleans, with passengers for California, and about 200 recruits for General Walker, under Colonel Titus, he that was made famous in Kansas. I am sure I never saw a finer set of fillibusterers. They were well-made men, in good bodily condition, and the first lot of *privates* I had seen for Walker who seemed eager for a fight. The anchor of the *Texas* was not well down before the little steamer *Rescue* appeared at the mouth of the river, and she was soon alongside and ready to receive the recruits, their arms, ammunition and provisions. They had been in garrison since the previous trip of the steamer, and were, therefore, better drilled than those who came on before them. Their arms were in good condition; and they had plenty of ammunition and provisions. Besides a good supply of rifles and revolvers (navy size) they brought eight brass cannon—six and eight pounders."

GOLD-BORN NATIONS.

The two events of the middle of the nineteenth century are the settlement and growth of California and Australia.

In 1802 Humboldt visited California, and reported that it contained about 17,000 souls; but held out no inducement for people to settle there. In the same year Captain Flinders visited Port Philip, and "could find nothing there to justify the particular attention of his Majesty's government." In 1836 California became practically independent of Mexico; the missions were broken up, and anarchy prepared the way for an influx of law-abiding men. In 1835 Mr. Batman, a sheep-grower of Van Diemen's Land, bought from the natives of Port Philip a few hundred square miles of land, the price being sundry scissors, knives, beads, blankets, and looking-glasses. The British government disallowed the purchase, and took possession of the country, inviting settlement. In 1850 the State of California was admitted to the Union. In the same year, the province of Victoria (Port Philip), Australia, was erected into a separate government under a lieutenant-governor. A short while before, namely, in 1848, gold had been discovered on the Sacramento, in California; and in the same year the people of Melbourne said that a rogue had tried to hoax them by offering to sell them gold which he said he had picked up in the Ballaarat Range.

A writer of fiction who would hazard such coincidences would be scouted.

Monsieur de Tocqueville, commenting on the fervor with which the French received democratic doctrines in 1790, says, that the wonder is not that such doctrines should have been advanced—philosophers had been propounding them for centuries—but that the French should have been in such a state of mind that they could take them in. It is so of the gold. There is a popular impression that we all like money. This is a mistake. It requires effort, persuasion, example, almost coercion to induce people to run after gold. From 1578, when Sir Francis Drake announced that there was no part of California which did not contain gold, up to 1847, when Sutter put up his mill, every book published about California alluded to the abundance of gold existing there. But no one went to look for it till the impulse of 1848 burst forth. In 1788 a British convict found gold in New South Wales. He had a handful, which he showed to the Governor. He got fifty lashes for his pains. There were more convicts thrashed for their impertinence in finding gold in the Blue Mountains, in 1813. Mr. Lowe found a nugget of several ounces in 1830. Count Strzelecki discovered a gold field in 1839, and mentioned the fact to the Governor, who, not caring to give fifty lashes to so great a man, begged him to keep it secret. A reverend gentleman collected a quantity of gold-bearing quartz in 1841, showed it to the Governor, and received a like injunction of secrecy. There is no doubt that Sir Roderick Murchison's confident predictions were helped by the sight of gold specimens from Sydney; for, from 1846, specimens of native gold were constantly exhibited in shop-windows in that town. But no one, either there or at Melbourne, took fire until Hargreaves crossed from California and communicated the infection.

Beyond a doubt, we are at this very moment running our noses against and stumbling over discoveries which, twenty years hence, will be as startling as these gold discoveries in California and Australia. We are not earnest enough.

The mind loses itself in attempts to speculate on the future of such a country as Victoria. With a territory equal to that of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, its population has swelled from zero in 1835, to 80,000 in 1851, and 300,000 in 1856. And of these none are the "raw material" which is found so useful in our Western States. Every settler in Victoria had means when he left home. By far the greater part of the immigrants were of pure Anglo-Saxon breed. Many were men of education, and skilled capacity. A handful of men and women were indeed sent out, from time to time, by charitable associations, and these do not fulfill the conditions mentioned; but they are a drop in the immigrant bucket. One of the most striking features of Victoria, a year or two ago, was the waste of mind: Oxford graduates were seen chopping wood, lawyers digging, ex-members of the London clubs driving carts. What may not be expected from such a *souche?* In those walks of life where pure intellect is called into play the colony of Victoria can even now vie with the oldest settled countries. The Melbourne press is characterized by astonishing ability. The debates in the colonial Legislature will compare with almost any in the world. Art and music are already cultivated with success; and the above engraving of the City Hall will show that architecture has not been neglected. The simple fact that the import of books from England in the year 1854, when the population did not exceed 200,000, amounted to $750,000, supplies sufficient evidence of the intellectual character of the people.

Victoria has this advantage over other British colonies: it starts, so to say, with a free constitution. New England is the only historical parallel. Though the colonial charter requires a property qualification both for electors and members of the legislature, and stipulates a high salary ($50,000 per annum) for a British Governor, appointed in England, in all other respects it is worthy of the age, and concedes to the colonists a very complete measure of self-government. It may confidently be expected that the Colonial Legislature will soon depart from the conventional English plan of sealing up their wild lands, by affixing to them a price of $5 per acre, when, as every British emigrant well knows, excellent land may be had 3000 miles nearer, in this country, for $1 25. A strong party in the colony call for a law throwing open the land gratis to *bona fide* settlers.

It must not be supposed that the English granted these privileges and this liberty to their "subjects in the colonies" without a struggle. The "license war" was the prelude.

When the gold mania broke out, the Governor of the colony, then autocratic, passed in his little family council a law declaring that no man should dig for gold without a license; said license, costing 30*s.*, or $7 50—to be renewed, at a like cost, monthly, and to cover a tract of twelve feet square. For a time the tax was paid patiently; but when the diggers increased in number, symptoms of discontent also made their appearance. Anglo-Saxon spirit rebelled against taxation without representation. Many diggers protested with perfect truth that the monthly tax absorbed their earnings.

But what aggravated the feeling to the verge of insurrection was the personal conduct of many of the inspectors and commissioners who were intrusted with the police of the gold-fields. A viler set of brutes than many of these commissioners does surely not exist in the world. We hear of a police magistrate, high in repute, whose mode of proceeding was as follows: When a digger was brought before him, he would say, "Well, my man, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The man would begin, "Why, your Honor, I—"

"Ha!" interrupted the magistrate, "another word, and I will fine you for contempt of court." And the man was sentenced just as the whim of the magistrate suggested.

The rule was that diggers must exhibit their licenses to the inspectors. Many diggers complained that they lost half the day in running backward and forward from the bottom of their pit to exhibit the document to half a dozen different inspectors. If they grumbled, they were handcuffed and fined; some were chained all night to trees.

One magistrate would take his seat on the bench to sentence half a dozen men accused of digging without license. The men stood in a row. He would ask the first, "Have you got a license?"

"Yes, it is in my tent."

To another: "Have you a license?"

"Yes, it is in my other trowsers."

To a third: "Have you a license?"

"Yes, it is in my waistcoat in my hole, but the police wouldn't let me go down for it."

After going through the whole list in this manner, the judge would close the proceeding by saying, "Well, you are all fined $5 apiece, and locked up till paid."

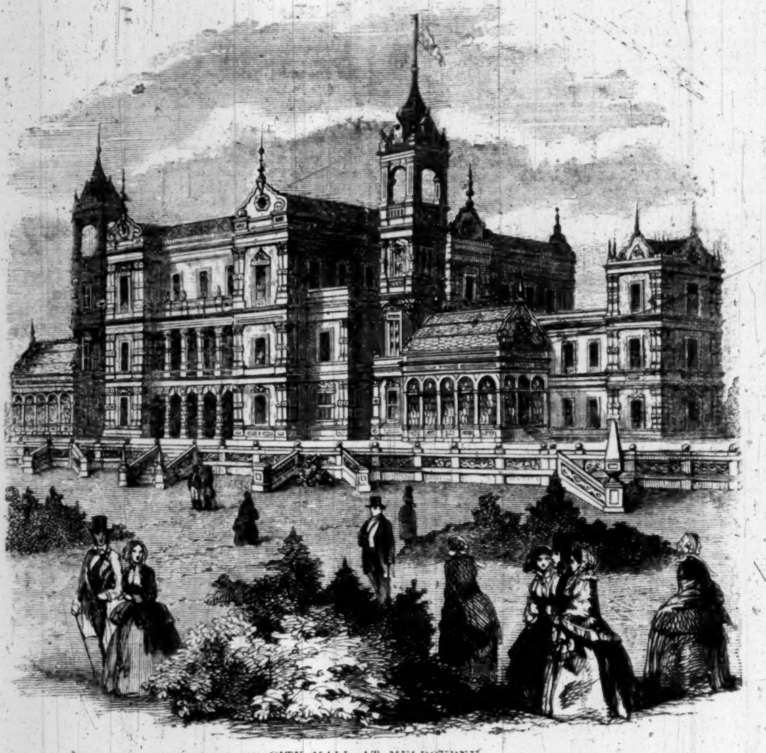
Another, an inspector of police, was still more senseless and brutal. It was his duty to repress illegal grog-selling, and by a judicious exercise of discretion, he contrived to clear a fortune of $60,000 in two years. All the rich dealers sold as much as they liked, but he was a perfect Rhadamanthus with the poor. One day this fellow rode up to the tent of a poor Irishwoman, who had just lost her husband, and who was accused of trying to support her family by an illicit traffic in spirits. Taxed with the offense, the poor woman acknowledged it, alluded to her children, the youngest of whom was a baby a few days old, and asked the inspector, "What was I to do?"

"Fire that tent," said the Inspector, curtly, to his followers.

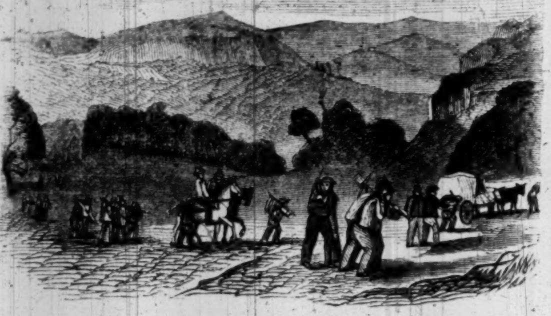
The baby and one or two of the children were in it at the time asleep; the police declared that they could not do such a thing. Springing from his horse, and swearing at them for their "nicety," the Inspector himself caught a burning stick from a fire, and set the tent in a blaze. The poor woman, shrieking like a maniac, had just time to snatch her child from her bed, and hurry out with it. She sank down beside the brute, and with a listless eye and haggard face watched the destruction of every thing she had in the world.

These anecdotes are history, not fiction; every returned Australian will confirm them, and many can tell the names of the parties. Brutality is, indeed, a weak word for the systematic behavior of the "Joes," as the police were called. They would arrest a man for a cross word or wry look. They would stop a gentleman riding past on horseback, ask for the receipt for his horse, and carry him off to jail if he didn't produce it. All accounts concur in stating that such tyranny as was exemplified in the Victoria gold-fields, in 1853 and 1854, has never been surpassed in Russia or the Two Sicilies. And as might be expected, this unusual harshness was accompanied by a corresponding laxity in enforcing the law against those who knew how to conciliate the police.

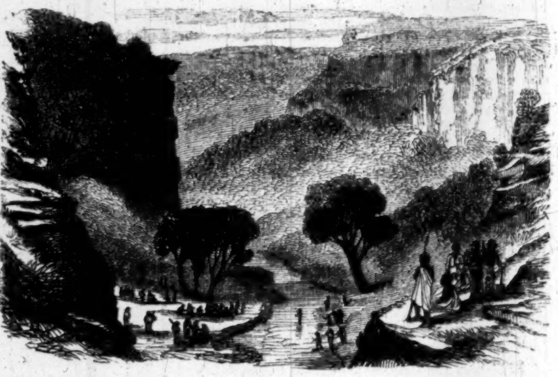
The outbreak was precipitated by the murder of a man named Scobie at Ballaarat. Scobie was said to have been murdered at a tavern kept by a man named Bentley, who was generally supposed to have had a hand in many previous crimes, and whose house bore the worst character. An inquiry was instituted by



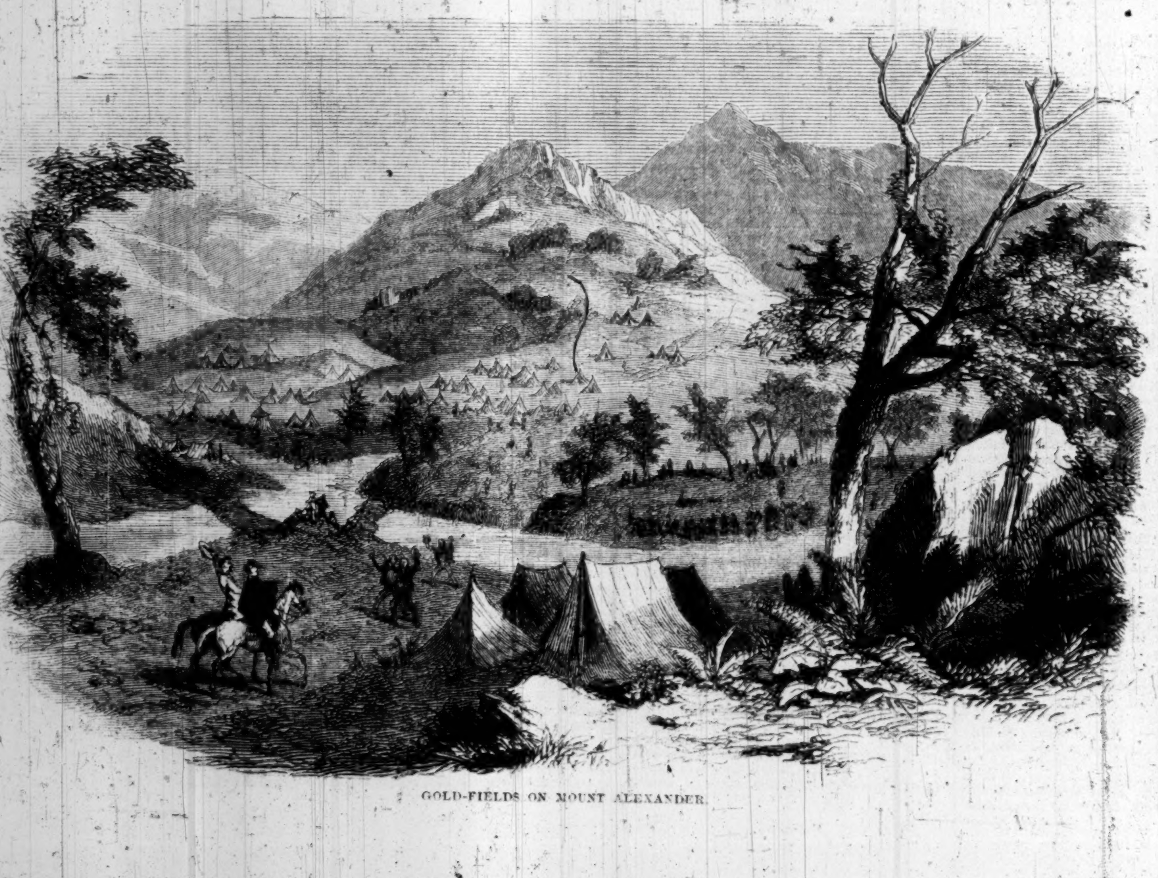
CITY HALL AT MELBOURNE.



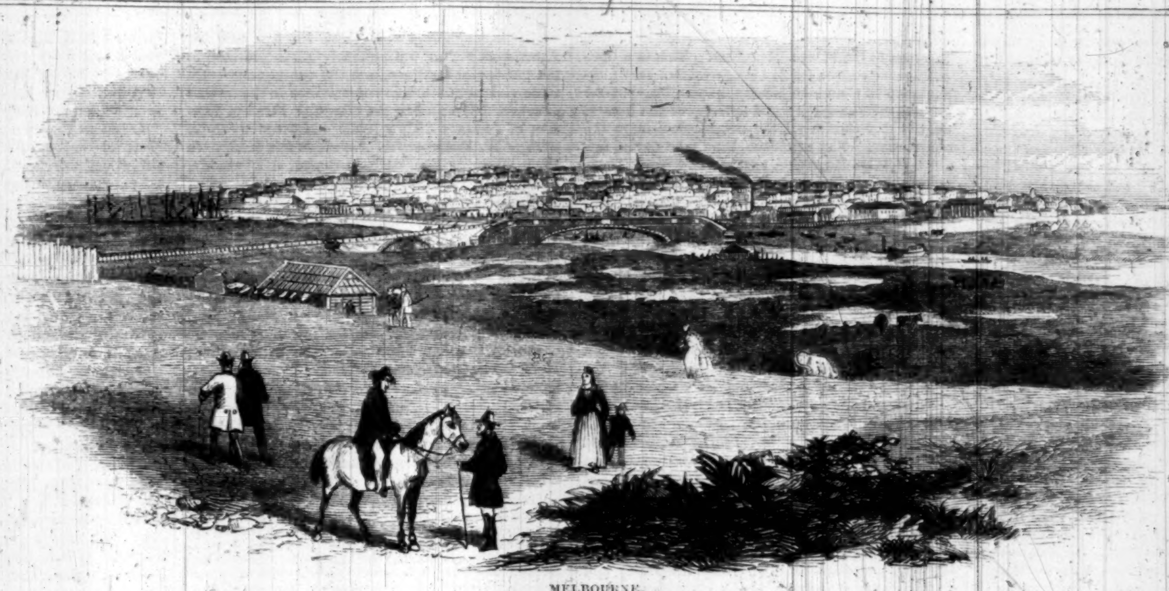
GOING TO THE DIGGINGS.



THE CREEK.



GOLD-FIELDS ON MOUNT ALEXANDER.

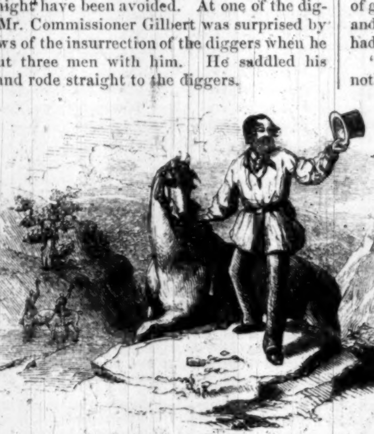


MELBOURNE.

Government, and Bentley and his gang were acquitted. The people, satisfied of their guilt, rose in a body, organized themselves into a sort of Vigilance Committee, burned down Bentley's house, and had him, as well as his friends, re-tried. This time they were found guilty of manslaughter. The Government seized the ringleaders of the riot and imprisoned them. All diggerdom took their part, and was in a ferment.

Troops were ordered up by the authorities, and encamped at Ballaarat; and thus the rioters were cut off from all chance of compromise. It is said that there was random firing on both sides on the evening of the 2d of December, 1854. However this be, the rioters, who were intrenched in a rude field-work, were attacked next morning by the British troops under Captain Thomas, and easily defeated. Many were killed; not a few, it is said, after the conflict was over. An unlucky newspaper reporter was run through the body while attempting to "collect the facts."

As often happens, the vanquished were the victors in the end. The *émeute* at Ballaarat settled the question that the Australians deserved independence, and they got it accordingly. It need hardly be said that had there been a man of judgment and sense at Ballaarat, both revolt and bloodshed might have been avoided. At one of the diggings Mr. Commissioner Gilbert was surprised by the news of the insurrection of the diggers when he had but three men with him. He saddled his horse and rode straight to the diggers.



HARGREAVES, THE GOLD DISCOVERER.

"Boys," said he, in a cheery voice, "there's going to be a row; I want some of you to help me to keep the peace; who'll volunteer to be special constables?"

Three hundred of the stoutest men were enrolled that afternoon; and there was no trouble there.

Of course when the gold fever was strong on people crowds went to Australia who were any thing but good citizens. It is pleasant to find that almost all the English writers testify to the uniform good behavior of the American diggers. The Germans and Irish were the worst, the former in word, the latter in action; but they thinned themselves out quickly enough with bad liquor. The amount of strong drink consumed in Victoria has been fabulous. Half a million pounds were paid annually in import duties on liquors when the colony contained but a quarter million of people; that is to say, every man, woman, and child paid $10 duty to the State on his or her yearly allowance of liquor. Attempts were made to put a check on the sale of spirits at the diggings by a stringent license system, but without much success. The Commissioners could either be humbugged or bought. One of the clandestine dealers told William Howitt rather a good story about the tricks of the trade.

"One day," said he, "my mate and I went to the Commissioner's; says he, 'I hear that you sell grog.' Of course we denied it; but as we saw that he meant to make a search, my mate held him in talk, while I got off as fast as I could, and sent the bullock-driver with the kegs into the bush. Scarcely was he gone, when in came the commissioner with a policeman. 'Police,' said he, 'search this store. I hear they sell grog here.' The police began and turned over every thing in the store, and, of course, found nothing. Cause why? the bullock-driver was sitting crowner's inquest on it in the bush. We knew the policeman well enough, for many's the glass of grog we had given him to keep all close. 'So,' says he, as he passes my mate, just in a low way like, 'Mate, if you've any in the bed, don't pull the clothes off, but just touzle them about pretty well.' But my mate cried out quite loud as the Commissioner might hear him, 'Off with the clothes, policemen; out with the bed; dig up the floor if you like; and for every drop of grog that you'll find on my premises, I'll give you an ounce of gold! So they pulley-haulied every thing about, and found nothing: cause why? the bullock-driver had it safe in the wattle scrub.

"When the Commissioner saw that there was nothing, he looked as gruff as a bear at stake; and he said, in a lofty, proud sort of way, 'Police, you may go;' and with that he began to walk off in a stately fashion. But now it was our turn to talk.

"'Mr. Commissioner,' said we, 'it's all very well to charge us with sly grog-selling, and come and turn our store and tent topsy-turvy; but who's to set all these things right again, and make us recompense for this scandal on respectable tradesmen?'

"At that he looked mightily astonished, and says he, 'Oh, you can soon put all to rights again!'

"'Not so, Mr. Commissioner,' says my mate; 'as you have falsely accused us, we shall expect to be left as good as you found us.'

"'Well, my man,' says the Commissioner, a little posed, 'what do you want to recompense you?'

"'Twenty pounds,' says my mate, boldly. 'If you think it too much, send up one of your own men and let him do it.'

"'Twenty pounds! preposterous!' crowed the Commissioner, marching away as proud as a peacock, and promising to send his own men.

"Next morning off we set to the Commissioner's. We complained heavily of no man being sent, and of having to sit up all night.

"'My good fellows,' said the Commissioner, 'you make much ado about nothing.'

"'Nothing!' we cried, both together. 'Is having our place turned topsy-turvy nothing? Is our business stopped nothing? Is the slur cast on us nothing? Nothing sitting supperless all night? Sir, we were all right before you came and ransacked us, and we expect you to set us right again as you promised.'

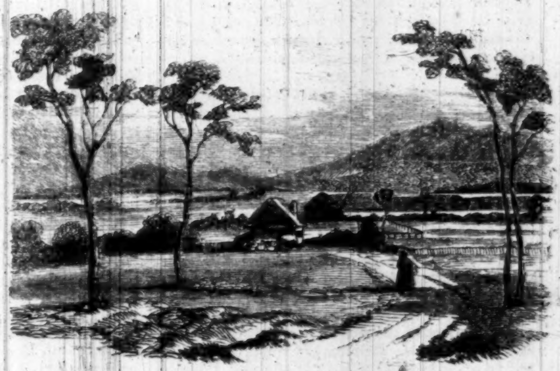
"'Well, what is the least you'll be satisfied with to set all right yourselves?' asked the Commissioner, looking a good deal puzzled. 'If ten pounds will do, I'll give you that.'

"'Well,' said my mate, pulling a long face, 'that must do if you won't give any more; but I must say it's a hard case.'

"The Commissioner handed us a ten-pound note and we walked off, laughing a good deal in our sleeves."

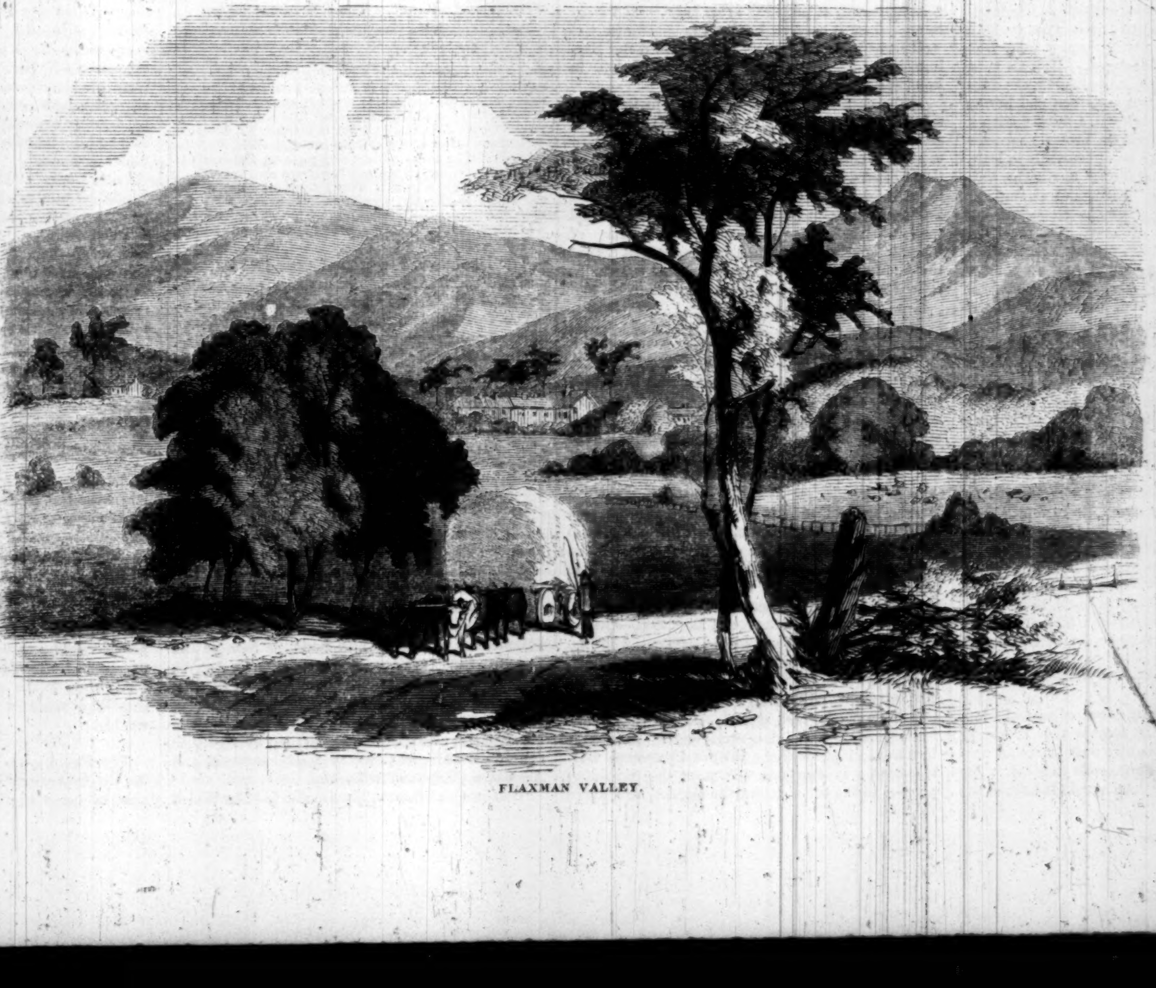
Not a few of the *mauvais sujets* soon tired of digging, and took to robbing. In California a similar contingency necessitated Vigilance Committees. In Australia the deficiencies of the police, and the energetic measures with which the independent efforts of the people were repressed, gave the robbers a long rope. On one occasion, a ship in port, having cleared at the custom-house with several thousand ounces on board, was attacked by robbers, captain and crew tied up, and the whole stolen. In "the bush," Colt's revolvers were the best protection. "Lying in my tent," says a traveler, "I am unseen from without, while I can not only see under the eaves but can fire with unerring precision. When, therefore, I heard my dogs give the alarm, I crept out of bed, and lay down in a position to command the approach, revolver in hand. I could distinguish in the moonlight seven horsemen, standing still at a short distance, apparently in consultation. After a moment one of them dismounted and advanced toward the tent. An incautious motion of mine knocked over some kettles and pots, which fell with a frightful clatter. The single stranger called to his companions. As the alarm had been given, I lost no time in firing; but, in my anxiety to prevent undue elevation, I fired too low, and hit the fellow in the knee. His companions ran in directly; I gave them four barrels, and then opened with my Deane and Adams. I think two of them fell; but the rascals picked themselves up, and got off to their horses. I called to them to wait a minute or so—'One shot more!' I cried, but they were off at a tearing pace. I went out and picked up the leader, who was very thankful for a glass of brandy and water. Poor fellow! I had smashed his knee-cap; and it was weeks before he could limp round. I believe I had the satisfaction of improving his moral character in a very remarkable degree."

At latest accounts the plague of robbers had been greatly abated. A great scoundrel and ruffian, who had doubtless figured as a robber, had been prudently appointed Commissioner. He had a powerful horse, and a tremendous riding-whip with a brass knob the size of an apple, which he called "Green Apples." This fellow was as brave as he was brutal. No matter what the odds, he would arrest his man; in case of difficulty, he would fell a man with his "Green Apples" as recklessly as a butcher fells an ox.



SCENE NEAR MELBOURNE.

The diggings have been often described. Most of us have realized the striking scene—dirty tents scattered over the slope, some with great open doors, and a flag-staff and handkerchief flying in token of trade; others grand and imposing, lined with blue cloth and guarded by policemen, as becomes the residence of Commissioners; others, again, mere rags of dirty canvas, not sufficing to shelter the miserable digger from wind or rain; dirtier tents of plank and log, some with bales of merchandise lying in and around them, others revealing by unmistakable effluvia that a butcher sells meat here; trees felled and dying with all their foliage, like a corpse in its winding-sheet; holes in the earth innumerable—large holes, belted round with yellow clay and sand, where no man works, and out of which there creeps a faint, sickly odor; smaller holes, equally deserted, telling a story of unsuccessful gropings after gold, of hopes, of fears, of disappointment, and of rage; other holes like gnawed spots in carcasses, in and out of which a maggot-like race of men are forever rushing, hurrying, scurrying, carrying, ladling, scuffling, working, night and day, the red and yellow sweat pouring down their backs and chests (if they delay but an hour, the water will be upon them, and their labor will be lost); ghastly horses craving a little provender on the beaten plain; rows of diggers' shirts hanging up to dry after the wash; garbage-pits, always, as it seems, to windward of the visitor; far away on one side, the hills covered with untouched forests; and in the middle of the picture the creek, once pure and limpid, now defiled with a thousand puddling-tubs, rockers, washers, and all sorts of gold-washing machinery. To this, add the accidental sight of caravans of new diggers arriving, with horses and bullock-carts and open mouths; the haughty police and Commissioners riding to and fro among the holes; the eager, red-eyed, truculent faces of the men, who believe they are on the track of gold; the auctioneers "selling off" this fortunate digger or that insolvent one, putting up a cart with a horse to boot, or, with Colonial sarcasm, offering to knock down to any purchaser such a pair of boots, with the man



FLAXMAN VALLEY.

who stands in them into the bargain, and you will have some idea of the general aspect of gold-diggings in Victoria.

At our latest accounts there were twelve working gold-fields in Victoria, and gold had been "denounced" in three other places, making altogether an area of 36,000 square miles, found by experiment to be generally auriferous. According to all human probability, this supply will not be exhausted, or rather this area will not be thoroughly explored, for a century or more. Victoria may grow fast enough to consume a portion of her own gold, as California is now about to do, but fears of diminution in the supply there can be none. Scientific appliances will increase faster than gold-fields can be tested.

It is known that the climate of Victoria and the adjacent country gave to that portion of Australia the pleasant name of Australia Felix. It is indeed a happy climate, without excessive cold and with but little excessive heat. Except a few weeks in the year, crops can always be growing; and the land will grow every thing that can be produced on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is indeed a land of corn, wine, and oil. Coal has been found, of good quality and in quantity; the sand for glass-making is the best in the world; medicinal drugs of great price, and excellent dye-woods are indigenous; Australian wool is famous. No serious diseases are epidemic. Perhaps the greatest nuisance are the flies. Near two hundred years ago, old Dampier said that the natives had a sleepy look, which was occasioned by their habit from early infancy of half-closing their eyes to keep out the flies. Without the assistance of both hands, says the old navigator, they will creep into one's nostrils and mouth. It is so still. At dinner, in the country, the plate is no sooner loaded with food than it is one black mass of flies; every meal is a hard-fought battle. The rapidity with which they are generated is incredible. A man shot a squirrel, and began to skin it; before he had done, it was crawling. An accident destroyed the eye of an ox: next day, dozens of maggots were crawling in and out of it while the poor animal was working in the dray. Mr. Howitt tells a still more marvelous story of the haste with which these unpleasant animalculæ are engendered. A gentleman, he says, hurt his eye with the handle of a windlass; next morning, feeling a strange sensation in it, he went to the glass and found it full of maggots.

The natives mentioned by Dampier are rapidly fading from the colony; dying out, or falling back into the interior. Now and then one falls in with a small tribe of copper-colored savages, very negro-looking in type, and apparently impervious to civilization: the men with a shirt on, the women with an opossum rug, which, when they sit down, they let slide upon their haunches; the children in the costume of our early parents. They are a poor, miserable race, generally inoffensive, though they will occasionally kill a white who ventures among them; loving their dogs better than their wives, as is curiously evidenced by the parties occasionally met in the woods, in which the women carry the dogs on their backs; living by fishing and hunting in a precarious sort of a way, lying in wait for the kangaroo, and treeing the 'possum. Some of the young women have a fine queenly gait, and wear the rug in a graceful manner. But hags preponderate, and the sight of one of these hideous old creatures, with blear eyes, and a savage mouth and scarred arms, hobbling about on two sticks, like the most fiendish of witches, is not likely to be forgotten by the stranger.

The lover of the chase will not find sport to repay a visit to Victoria. Opossums are occasionally driven by dogs up a tree, and shot in their hiding-place among the branches. Dingoes, and a few other harmless creatures, are hunted down from time to time in the interest of the flocks; but the sport is tame. Kangaroo-hunts, and the branding-day for the cattle, are the only amusements that repay the trouble of equipping for the chase.

The large kangaroo, or forester, which stands about five feet high, is hunted with dogs, like foxes and deer in Europe. A grand hunt is an event in the neighborhood of the towns: every man who can muster a horse rides to cover. Half an hour or so usually suffices to start the brute; the dogs are loosed and go off in full cry, men and horses scampering after. The chase is a most exciting one, as may be imagined from the broken character of the country. There are no stone-walls to leap, but the chase dashes madly over mountain, valley, rock, brake, thicket, wood, and swamp, at such a rate that nothing but the extraordinary sureness of the Australian horse, and practiced skill on the part of the rider, can save the latter's bones. After a frantic gallop of half an hour or more, Forester will, if he can, take to a stream, and await the enemy. Woe betide the bravest dogs! Some he will slay with a single blow of his claws. Others he will drown by holding them forcibly under water. The more sagacious brutes will content themselves with baying at him from the bank. When Forester has had a few moment's rest, and is refreshed by the cool water, off he goes again, leaping as before, on his hind legs, fifteen to twenty paces at a bound; and again horses and dogs are after him at a break-neck pace. Many a fine horse has been killed in following the quarry along the rocky bed of a mountain-torrent. But at last superior bottom wins the day. Forester flags; the dogs press closer around him; one is knocked over, another is disemboweled, but a third finds a fleshy part of poor Forester with his teeth, and the wisest and oldest of the pack, in the nick of time, has him by the throat. There only remains then for master kangaroo the merciful hunter's knife, and for the hunters the triumphant ride home to prospects of beef, mutton, pies, and claret.

The branding-day is an event of scarcely less interest. It is generally known that the large cattle-breeders of Victoria hire vast tracts for purposes of pasture, and let their cattle go loose. The tracts are not fenced in. At certain intervals, the owner has the whole herd driven into an inclosure, in order to brand and slaughter. This is a difficult operation, the cattle being wild and very pugnacious; it would be wholly impossible, but for the matchless sagacity and activity of the horses. On the day chosen all the neighbors ride to the rendezvous. The squadron then take to the forest, and soon discover a part of the herd. These are watched by a detachment, while the others are sent out to drive in the stragglers—an operation usually requiring a couple of hours or more. When the herd is collected, the business of driving them begins. This the horses manage of their own accord, by surrounding the animals in the form of a semicircle, the open part toward the inclosure to which they are to be driven. The cattle fight constantly. When any of them look pugnacious, the word is given, "Loose reins and hold on!" On come the furious brutes charging headlong; the rider leaves tactics to his horse, who, watching his time, dodges his enemy at the very last moment, whips round a tree, doubles, and flies about with such marvelous celerity that the novice is blinded and dizzy, and very often finds himself on the ground after the first onslaught. The experienced rider never interferes with his horse; he shouts at the top of his voice, cracks his long whip, and lashes the cattle who charge; the horses working in concert always contrive to turn the brutes, and after some random charging, they invariably end by rushing in a body in the direction the hunters wish them to take. This is very exciting sport, and not unfrequently dangerous. Quite recently, the son of a very wealthy nobleman in England was killed by a cow which charged him as he was trying to head her off.

Melbourne, the chief city of Victoria, now counts nearly 100,000 inhabitants. It dates from about 1837. In 1838, there were a few huts there and a tavern. In 1842, there was a log-chapel with a ship's bell to summon the religious to worship; sheep were worth 30 cents apiece, and cattle $3 a head. Now it is one of the most promising cities in the world. We think house rent enormous in New York: houses that would rent for $1500 here command $3000 there. They have had their real estate gambling in Melbourne as in San Francisco, and the usual stories are told of its effects. A drunkard one day stumbled into an auction-room where vacant lots were being sold. Finding a chair empty he flung himself into it, and the warmth of the room, combined with the effects of the liquor he had drunk, soon set him nodding. This the auctioneer understood perfectly and knocked down lot after lot to him, at pretty round prices. People began to inquire who the stranger was; and the general opinion was that he was some excessively shrewd speculator fresh from England with his pockets full of money and a very curious manner. His sleepiness was of course seen through; it was affected, they could tell that at a glance. So, when the auction broke up, and the noise awoke the toper, the auctioneer, who shared the public notion concerning him, contented himself with handing him a memorandum of the property he had purchased with the prices annexed, and requested him, if convenient, to call that afternoon or next morning and pay the proportion required in cash. The purchaser began to be a little sobered, nodded—as the auctioneer thought very knowingly—and went out to ruminate.

It so happened that he was a new-comer, and had a little money. So when he came to his senses, and realized what he had done, he was in despair, for he felt quite satisfied that the only possible issue out of the difficulty would be to pay all he had to the auctioneer for a release from his bargain. Brooding over his "cursed folly," he strolled along to the site of his purchase, and sat down on a heap of stones. There were the lots. He inquired of a passer-by, and verified his memorandum. Near a block, altogether, had become his. It was enough to break one's heart.

Meanwhile the story had gone abroad among the land-speculators that a stranger had suddenly appeared in an auction-room that morning and bought £90,000 worth of property in an hour. The story improved as it went. Before the afternoon was well spent it was generally rumored that the Barings had sent out a special agent to operate in land, and that *he* had bought the lots.

Three or four operators, attracted to the spot, met the fortunate purchaser, introduced themselves, and took him home. He was sober enough now to be very cautious and suspicious. When one of them offered him £1000 advance on a corner lot, he refused it, asked £5000 and got it directly. Suffice it to say that before the morning he had sold out his whole purchase at an advance of £650,000 on the price it had been adjudged him at the auction; with which pretty little nugget he retired from business and from Australia.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

THE GREEK AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES, although in good accord as it regards essential doctrine, are exceedingly hostile toward each other as it regards ecclesiastical affairs, each striving for the supremacy to the exclusion of the other. The late Eastern war has renewed this contest, and has provoked a paper war in pamphlets. This is a significant symptom in the East; when Russia, as the Defender of the Greek Church, and France, as the Defender of the Roman Catholic Church, enter the lists of controversy within the limits of the unchanging East, we may have some hope of a movement in the interior life and outward condition of the people.

MOHAMMEDAN FANATICISM REVIVED.—One of the fruits of the Eastern war is a firman from the Sultan, very much enlarging the area of religious liberty in Turkey. This has aroused the Mohammedan people, particularly in the provinces distant from the Turkish capital, and they are manifesting a sudden and dangerous enmity toward all Franks, and particularly toward Protestant missionaries. In this last direction, the Armenian people, and to some extent the Greeks, also, agree with the Mohammedans. The English and the Americans are not unfrequently anathematized in the provincial mosques, and the consequences are some violent and brutal persecutions in the distant districts. We find in the *Christian Times* of London, of January 23d, a letter addressed by Rev. George W. Dunmore, an American missionary, to W. R. Holmes, Esq., British Consul at Diarbekir, giving an account of a violent assault made on him at Tharpoot, and of a scandalous accusation brought against him by the village Vartahed, or priest. The last he triumphantly disproved, and convicted the parties of assault. They then urged him not to prosecute the case; but he persisted in his purpose to bring it to the notice of the British Embassador at Constantinople, with a view of obtaining satisfaction from the Porte for outrages already committed, and protection for the future. Mr. Holmes, the British consul, has kindly and promptly acted in this matter for the redress and protection of Mr. Dunmore. And yet there are some indications that the Sultan's government may not be disposed promptly and liberally to give relief and redress, as may be seen by the following from the *Augsburg Gazette*:

> According to letters from Widdin, the old Turkish judicial customs against the rajahs (Christians) are being re-established in all their rigor along the frontier of Bulgaria. A commissioner is besides occupied in making inspections respecting the kmets (local judges), and he dismisses all such as do not appear to him to be well disposed to the Turks, and he sends them to Widdin, where they are prosecuted on some pretext or other. Another commissioner, sent from Constantinople, and who is also making inspections in Bulgaria, has ordered that all the young women and girls of the villages through which he passes should go forth to meet him; and as the kmet of the village of Staikouse sent young men instead of females, the commissioner had him bastinadoed. A number of the inhabitants of this village, fearing the cruelty of the commissioner, wanted to fly into Servia, but could not be admitted owing to their having no passports. The severity of the Turkish authorities in Bulgaria is greater in the frontier districts than in the centre; but it is certain that there exists great agitation in all the province.

THE SPREAD OF THE EVANGELICAL FAITH is manifest in all parts of Europe, in Catholic as well as in Protestant countries. The following passages are taken from a very able letter in the London *Christian Times*:

> In Prussia, as throughout the rest of Germany, the Rationalism of the last century had left the Church in a state of spiritual death and unbelief, of which a foreigner can hardly form an idea. The Gospel had become entirely strange, first in the Universities; afterward, as the consequence, in the Church. Preaching was reduced to the inculcation of a meagre and dry morality; and what remained of Christian life took refuge among the humblest classes of society, in which the *pietism* of Spener, and especially the holy influence of the Moravian Church, still preserved the sacred fire. All this is now quite changed. A religious revival, which in Prussia began forty years ago with the wars of independence, has not ceased to spread. Every where now the University studies are based upon faith in revelation, and the younger generation of pastors now engaged in ministerial work are generally distinguished by a style of preaching altogether Evangelical. It makes itself less felt in the large cities than in the small ones and the rural districts. Berlin, Magdeburg, Konigsburg, and Breslau are still distinguished by the spiritual death which reigns in them and by their opposition to the Gospel. On the other hand, Pomerania and the provinces of the Rhine, East and West, are the countries in which Christian vitality is most diffused. That which would most powerfully contribute to accelerate its progress would be a greater independence of the Church in respect of the State, and Christian views of a more liberal, more Catholic character, which should favor the union of Christians. Let us hope that in these two respects, the approaching Prussian Synod and the Evangelical Alliance will be the instruments of the work of God.

ANOTHER PRISONER IN MADRID.—The Rev. Mr. Rule informs the London *Watchman* that the imprisonment of a native Spaniard, José Vecino, has followed the release of Don Angel H. De Mora, and for the same causes, viz., the propagation of the Protestant faith in Spain, by means of the distribution of books. Vecino was in the common prison of Madrid when he wrote to his friend De Mora, January 6, 1857.

A RESUMÉ of the Roman Catholic movements of the last year is graphically given by the *Literary Churchman* of December 27, in the following passage, which agrees with the general indications of the Foreign Religious Items given from week to week in our columns. The *Churchman* says:

> Rome, through the year, has plodded on her many and devious ways—backing up the Ultramontane party in France; attacking the Government Universities in Belgium; seeking admission for her legate in Russia; circumventing the Emperor of Austria by the cunning and stringency of the Concordat; lending what moral support it can to the Queen of Spain and her new and reactionary government; sowing, by means of the Jesuits, disunion among the lesser states of Europe; extending her missions in India and America, and pushing her cause to the utmost wherever she can introduce an emissary, or station a religious order. The Protestant communions are aware of this, but seem powerless to resist it; and even the Evangelical Alliance, with Culling Eardley, Chevalier Bunsen, and the *élite* of Augsburg and Geneva, can not help them.

THE DEPRESSION OF THE CLERGY THE DANGER OF THE CHURCH.—Such is the title of a sermon intended for Scotland; but the following passage, taken from it, deserves to be read, studied, and inwardly digested by the churches in America. The sermon says:

> When you ask the clergyman to walk first of your guests, as, in virtue of his function, the premier untitled gentleman of the company, beware lest the usage which marks the respect of Christian society for religion itself in the person of its ministers, become the means of dragging into painful conspicuity threadbare habiliments or leaky shoes. Send him not away from circles laughing in light-heartedness, and boards laden with luxuries, to a home darkened by anxiety, and a table covered with bills; troubles, it may be, thickening; strength, it may be, declining; age, it may be, fast creeping on; give the "bread" of sufficiency, as well as the "stone" of politeness.

ENGLISH MISSION TO THE TURKS.—The Executive Committee of the Countess of Huntingdon's Missionary Society, for the spread of the Gospel, intend to establish a mission to the Mohammedans of Turkey and Syria, as soon as the requisite funds can be raised for this purpose. We understand that this movement is entirely distinct from that of the Turkish Mission Aid Society, which is formed more especially to assist American missionaries who are carrying on their evangelistic operations with great success among the Greek and Armenian Christians in Turkey.

WELSH CALVINISTIC METHODISTS.—The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists have, within the last eighty years, raised by voluntary subscriptions upward of £1,000,000 for chapel-building purposes; and in that period they have erected and kept in repair no less than 800 chapels.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY OPEN TO DISSENTERS.—So it was supposed when the late act abolishing subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles was passed by Parliament. But the act referred the *examination* for bachelor's degree to convocation, with power to establish the by-law or laws to adjust the process. The Tractarians have had the tact and the power so to adjust the intermediate process between matriculation and the degree as to cut off Dissenters, and thus defeat the intent of the Act of Parliament. This has awakened such general indignation that a memorial to Parliament is in circulation, and very respectably and numerously signed, asking that all students be placed on the same footing, as to religion, in the University of Oxford.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF POPERY IN GREAT BRITAIN.—There are in England Roman Catholic churches, chapels, and stations, 730; in Scotland, 164; total, 894. There are in England and Wales, 985 priests, and in Scotland, 130; total, 1,115; including priests and bishops unattached, the number 1,162. There are 23 religious houses and communities of men, and 106 convents. The Catholic Directory also gives a list of new churches, chapels, and schools opened since November, 1855. In England, 19 new churches, 5 chapels, 4 missions, and 3 schools are enumerated. In Scotland, 5 churches. The foundations of 12 new churches have been laid, of 1 chapel, of 1 convent, and 2 schools.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES, at last account, had had a harmonious and profitable meeting, notwithstanding the serious apprehension felt, owing to the violent and long-continued personal controversies which preceded the annual meeting.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN NICOLAYSON, MISSIONARY AT JERUSALEM.—This excellent missionary to the Jews, who has labored at Jerusalem for a period of thirty years, under the auspices of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, has been suddenly cut down in the midst of his labors. The following is an extract from a dispatch by her Majesty's Consul at Jerusalem, forwarded by the Earl of Clarendon to the committee:

> I have to report the lamented death of the Rev. J. Nicolayson, principal missionary in Palestine of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and minister of Christ Church, Jerusalem. This occurred on Monday, the 6th instant, from nervous fever; and on the same day he was buried in the Protestant Cemetery, by the side of Bishop Alexander. The universal esteem gained for him by long-tried personal character, as well as the fact of his being the earliest European resident of this city, made his loss to be deeply felt among all classes of inhabitants. The funeral was attended by clergymen of the Greek, Armenian, and Abyssinian Churches, the Latin Church drawing general attention by its omission; by rabbis of the Jews (though the week is one particularly sacred to them, being that in which the day of Atonement occurs), and Moslem-learned Sheiks. The Pacha sent an Oda Bashi with Infenkchis. There were also present the Consuls of Prussia, France, and Austria, the United States' Agent, and the representative of the Spanish Consul-General, Señor de la Vera being himself absent from town.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A NEW LANGUAGE IN PROGRESS.—It is rarely that the student of philology can enjoy the treat of discovering a language actually in the process of formation, gradually crystallizing, as it were, into set forms and words, as it emerges from a chaotic state. Something of this kind is going on among the Liberian Settlements on the west coast of Africa, where, in the great intermixture of native races, and settlers from this country, a modification of each other's language takes place—the vocabulary of the superior race prevailing, though submitting to changes in construction and meaning based on the old idioms which fill the mind, while the tongue expresses itself in the lately-acquired words. For instance, any thing thick is denominated "fat;" thus they say "a fat tree," or "the branch is fat;" a strong wind is "a wind too much saucy." If a man resides any where, it is expressed by "sits down." Our word "is" they translate by "lives;" they would say, "Master sit down here Brooklyn, him lib at New York, back come evening." "De duck lib in the pot, him boil." "Fader lib in the church-yard, him lib under ground." "Past dat one," means more than that one. "Him ole past me." "Dis horse handsome past mark." "You eye catch 'em," expresses you see them. "I done do 'em," I have finished them. "Master send you plenty good how do's"—brings your friend's compliments to you, etc. All our modern languages derived from the Latin, as French, Italian, Spanish, etc., are the result of a similar process, and exhibited in their infancy the same breaking down of the inflections of the mother tongue, and the same tendency to replace them by prepositions and auxiliary words that we find in the above. To the classic Roman of the fifth century the speech of our Gothic forefathers must have seemed as barbarous as this Anglo-negro dialect does to us.

AN OBSOLETE ETYMOLOGY.—It was the custom while the Roman Republic subsisted in full vigor, for the applicants for high offices to appear on the day of election in long white robes, intimating by this that their characters, likewise, ought to be pure and unsullied. Hence the origin of our word *candidate*, from *candidus*—white, pure, sincere, etc. This garment (according to Plutarch) they were to wear without any other clothes, that the people might not suspect they concealed money for purchasing votes, and also that they might more easily show to the people the scars of these wounds they had received in fighting for the commonwealth.

THE PRICE OF A WIFE.—In the early times of the Virginia colony it was the interest of the Company at home to encourage emigration. Among other means, the project was adopted of sending out a hundred single young women of blameless reputation for the purpose of forming marriages with the colonists. The expense of their conveyance was to be defrayed by the Company, in all cases when the women were married to the tenants and farmers of the public lands; but in case of their being married to private settlers, the husband was to repay the Company the charge of his wife's conveyance from England. The price of these wives (says Stith) was stated at 120 pounds of tobacco, and afterward advanced to 150 pounds, and proportionably more if any of them should happen to die; and it was also ordered that this debt should have the precedence of all others, and be first recoverable.

The Cheapest Book ever Published.

Editor Notes and Queries:

Your account of the *dearest* book ever published, may well be matched with a note of the *cheapest*, which I made the other day, and I think it has an undoubted claim to that title:

In 1843, much merriment was excited in London by the announcement of "Orion: an Epic Poem, by Richard Henry Horne. Price, One Farthing." It was understood as an indignantly sarcastic concession to the public appreciation of the value of such things. However, a very large number of farthing copies were sold, and subsequent editions at a penny, at half a crown, and at five shillings, made "Orion" a good speculation. The original farthing edition is now unfindable, and ranks among the curiosities of literature.

Bibliop.

Bishop Berkeley at Newport.—A correspondent has kindly answered our inquiry by a reference to Mr. Tuckerman's lately published "Biographical Essays," where he says: "We were reminded of Berkeley's observations, in regard to the natural productions of the country, during a recent visit to the old farm-house where he resided, and to which he gave the name of Whitehall. An enormous wild grape-vine had completely vailed what formed the original entrance to the humble dwelling, and several ancient apple-trees in the orchard, with boughs mossy with time, and gnarled by the ocean gales, showed in their sparse fruit and matted twigs the utter absence of the pruning-knife. The dwelling itself is built after the manner common to farm-houses a century ago, entirely of wood, with low ceilings, broad fire-place, and red cornice. The only traces of the old country were a few remaining tiles, with obsolete designs, around the chimney-piece. But the deep and crystal azure of the sea gleamed beyond corn-field and sloping pasture; sheep grazed in the meadows, hoary rocks bounded the prospect, and the mellow crimson of sunset lay warm on grass slope and paddock, as when the kindly philosopher mused by the shore with Plato in hand, or noted a metaphysical dialogue in the quiet and ungarnished room which overlooks the rude garden."

Washington and Sir J. Reynolds.—During the contest between England and America, so strongly was it the opinion of many influential men in England that the colonists must be conquered in the end, that Sir Joshua Reynolds (who thought the contrary) actually received five guineas each from several gentlemen, under a promise to pay them in return one thousand pounds if ever he painted the portrait of General Washington in England (as a captive, of course), and which he was not to refuse to do in case the General should be brought to him to that intent. This curious incident is vouched for by his pupil Northcote. A portrait of Washington by Reynolds would be worth some sacrifice, but fortunately the expected opportunity never was given.

St. Patrick and the Snakes.—It is rather amusing to find grave naturalists discussing the foundation of the famous Irish story of St. Patrick, and how he preached

—such a powerful sarment,
As made the frogs jump through the bogs,
And banished all the varment.

But the physical conditions of atmosphere and earth-surface that regulate the disposition of species are still imperfectly understood, and any peculiarity, like the immunity from reptiles claimed for Ireland, becomes matter for scientific investigation. The results of this, in the hands of two distinguished naturalists (Mr. Thompson and Professor Patterson), will not be totally satisfactory to the natives, because it is demonstrable that a few species of reptiles *do exist* in the Island of Saints. And yet there is a loop-hole for consolation, because there is not the slightest doubt that they have been introduced either purposely, or from casual shipwrecks, etc., so that, perhaps, we may infer that St. Patrick's prayers, like vaccination—all powerful at first—became weakened in their influence by time. Snakes and vipers are still absent from the Green Isle, and have resisted all attempts at acclimation, but the frog is common enough now. It is on record that the first frog ever seen in Ireland "made its appearance in a pasture-field near Waterford, about the year 1630," and a lady lately living used to relate how, when a girl at school (1736), she was taken some distance to see one which was exhibited as a show. The Flora of Ireland has also many differences from that of England, affording a number of plants of Southern growth that have never reached so far north as the most southerly points of Great Britain.

Popular Superstition in the Nineteenth Century.—Mr. Lower, an industrious antiquary, well known for his book on "Proper Names," gives some curious particulars about the belief in the supernatural, still lingering (in spite of railroads and penny magazines) among the peasantry of his native county, Sussex. He says the inquirer will find a difficulty in getting at the real opinions of the country people, and their recitals would be prefixed with some phrase, such as, "They used to say, when I was a boy," or, "My old uncle used to tell us youngsters;" but nevertheless the old poetical belief in fairies is still an article of implicit faith. In the local dialect, fairies are always called "Fairisees," or "Phairisees," and the popular superstition is supposed to be sanctioned by Scriptural authority. Pharisees were mentioned in the Bible, and that was a proof of their existence. "Besides" (old Fowington would argue), "though I have never seen any of them, my grandmother, who was a very truthful woman, has time and often. They was liddle folks, not more than a foot high, and used to be uncommon fond of dancing. They joined hands and formed a circle, and danced upon it till the grass came three times as green there as it was any where else. That's how them here rings came upon the hills—leastways so they say, but I don't know nothing about it, for I have never seen none on 'em, though, to be sure, it's very hard to say how them rings do come, if it isn't the Phairisees that makes 'em."

For Notes and Queries.

"Mr. Cozzens said, Johnson was brought to London to be touched by the King for scrofula," etc.—*Harper's Weekly*, p. 83.

The *King* that touched Johnson was Queen Anne. Johnson's "mother carried him to London, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne," and "it appears that March 30, 1712, two hundred persons were touched" by the same royal hand. Being asked if he could remember Queen Anne, Johnson said he had a confused, but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, and a long black hood.—Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. i., p. 38, Bohn's Ed.

J.

Vicissitudes of Mining.—Humboldt relates of a Frenchman, Joseph Laborde, that he went to Mexico very poor in 1743, and acquired a large fortune by the mine of La Canada. After building a church at Tasco, which cost him £84,000, he was reduced to the lowest poverty by the rapid decline of those very mines from which he had annually drawn from 130,000 to 190,000 pounds' weight of silver. With a sum of £20,000, raised by selling a sun of solid gold, which in his prosperity he had presented to the church, and which he was allowed by the Archbishop to withdraw, he undertook to clear out an old mine, in doing which he lost the greatest part of the produce of his golden sun, and then abandoned the work. With the small sum remaining he once more ventured on another undertaking, which was for a short time highly productive, and he left behind him at his death a fortune of £120,000.

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The New Sensation-destroying Agent.—The new agent, Amylene, for the prevention of pain during surgical operations, has been recently used, for the first time, at the Bristol General Hospital, England, and with complete success. The operation was one well calculated to test the powers of the drug, being Chopart's amputation of the foot. The surgeons at the Bristol Hospital speak of the insensibility to pain under the amylene as being perfect, and say that its anesthetic effects are of shorter duration than those of chloroform.

Archæological Discovery on the Banks of the Danube.—It is stated that the engineers occupied in establishing a telegraphic station between Hirsova and Rassova, in the Dobrudscha, have discovered an ancient Roman tomb, in a perfect state of preservation. An inscription on the interior of the tomb, in the Latin language, mentions that this monument contained the mortal remains of Pomponius Albinus, who commanded a Roman legion. It is believed that a Roman camp existed on the spot. One circumstance increases the interest attached to this discovery, which is, that the third wall, constructed by Trajan, passes about two miles from the tomb of Pomponius Albinus. This general probably commanded one of the legions destined to defend that portion of Dacia, and he may have been interred on the spot where the troops were encamped.

Prints of Flowers, Plants, and other similar objects, can be obtained in great perfection by a very simple process. The mode of operating is as follows: The original being passed between a copper plate and a lead plate, through two rollers closely screwed together, its image—by means of the pressure—is left, with all its peculiar delicacies, on the lead plate. If the colors are applied to this stamped lead plate, as in printing on copper-plate, a copy in the most varying hues, and bearing a striking resemblance to the original, can be obtained. If a large number of copies are required, which the lead form, on account of its softness, is incapable of furnishing, it is stereotyped, if intended to be printed at a typographical press; or galvanized, if at a copper-plate press, and the impressions are then taken from the stereotyped or galvanized plate.

Great Improvements in Ærial Navigation.—Wonderful, if True.—A Paris journal publishes a strange account of an ærostatic excursion, which, the article declares, has solved the long-canvassed problem of directing balloons. The persons who are stated to have made the excursion are the Count de Pleuvier, M. Gavarni, M. Migeon, Mr. Falconer (an English æronaut), and M. Henri Page, the writer. The apparatus used is said to have cost not less than 300,000 francs, the greater portion of which was furnished by Count de Pleuvier. The machine is represented to consist of two balloons united together, of a spherical form, each able to contain 100 cubes of pure hydrogen gas. The directing power is a modified screw, communicating with the car, and a rudder, made principally of whalebone, to change the direction when required. M. Gavarni, the inventor, it is declared, can obtain the upward movement of the balloon without throwing out ballast, which system soon exhausts the resources of the very best-constructed balloon, and becomes an invincible obstacle to long excursions in the air. The loss of hydrogen is instantaneously repaired by a chemical proceeding, of which M. Migeon is stated to possess the secret, and by a little apparatus also invented by M. Gavarni. The descent is effected, as hitherto, by letting the gas escape. The departure of the æronauts on the occasion referred to took place on the 15th of January, at ten in the morning, from the Park of Ferrieres, in the Sologne; and the next morning, at five, a safe descent was effected within half a mile of Algiers. The ærial travelers remained on the African soil only thirty hours, and left at noon the day after their arrival, in sight of an immense multitude assembled to see them ascend. The return was effected without the slightest incident, but with much greater rapidity; at half-past four the next morning they alighted at the spot from which they started, in the park of Count de Pleuvier.

Failure of Bessemer's Iron Process.—The following account, from the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, of experiments in reference to the Bessemer process, conducted at the Coats Iron-Works, Glasgow, will be read with interest: The experiments were conducted, as nearly as possible, according to the method described to the public by the patentee. The form of the Bessemer furnace was cylindrical, being eighteen inches in diameter, and with six tuyeres, each three-eighths of an inch in diameter, entering almost on a level with the bottom of the furnace. The pig-iron used was one of the best brands of the firm (Eglinton), and No. 1, or softest quality; the quantity operated on about eight hundredweight. The pig-iron, when melted in the ordinary foundry cupola, was run direct into the Bessemer furnace, which had been previously well heated. The blast was then applied, and, beginning at a pressure of eight pounds, was raised, during the process, to eleven pounds, and afterward allowed to descend to five pounds. The appearance of the action going on was similar to that usually ascribed to it; and when, from the subsidence of the ebullition and the change of flame to a purple color, the process was deemed concluded, the metal was run off into moulds. These blooms, after cooling, were reheated and rolled into bars, and these, cut up into equal lengths, were piled nine high, and again rolled into bars, the same mode having thus been pursued as that adopted to manufacture marketable iron. The iron was found quite unfit for commercial purposes from its brittleness. The per centage of loss was invariably much greater than by the old process, being as high as seventeen per cent. above the usual waste.

Medals to Arctic Navigators.—An order from the British Admiralty gives notice that a medal will be granted to all persons, of every rank and class, who have been engaged in Arctic discovery expeditions between the years 1818 and 1855. Among those specially mentioned as entitled to the medal are the officers, seamen, and others who were engaged in the expeditions to the Arctic seas, equipped by the government and citizens of the United States. Due notice will be given in the *London Gazette* when the medals are ready for distribution, and application for the same should then be made.

Singular Shower of Earth.—A letter from Quito, Ecuador, states that, early in December last, the city was visited by an immense shower of earth. The entire population formed a large procession, and, although some were severely injured by the falling earth, they proceeded to the churches and prayed for mercy. The earth-shower lasted for about an hour, and is supposed to have been caused by an eruption of one of the volcanoes in the vicinity of Quito.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

The latter part of February is the seeding-time for the southern garden. Early cabbage, turnips, lettuce, salsify, spinach, parsley, carrots, parsneps, beets, and mustard, may be sown at this time. All the onion family may now be planted. Plant Irish potatoes under straw; manure the ground well, and plow it deeply; open furrows two feet apart, and drop the half of a potato two feet apart in the furrow, cover it two or three inches with earth, and then cover the whole bed two feet deep with leaves or straw. The rains will beat down the leaves and straw; and no matter how dry the season, the ground will never become entirely dry.

In the cotton-growing region an excellent frost-proof hot-bed may be made after the following manner: Excavate a piece of ground as large as the frame is to be, twelve inches deep; in this put six inches of good cotton seed, fill up with garden soil, and put on the frame. The frame may be made of common rough plank, facing and sloping south, with a common window-sash to cover it. In this plant the seeds; the heat of the cotton seed will force the plants into a quick growth. In mild weather, take off the sash that the plants may have air. Cotton seed will be found to give out a better heat than stable manure.

To obtain early peas open a trench as long as the row is to be, eight or ten inches deep; in the bottom of the trench dig in some well-rotted manure; the trench should be about twelve inches wide. In the bottom of this trench plant a double row of English peas (the early varieties). It will take a very severe frost to freeze down to the bottom of the trench; but should the weather prove very cold, some planks placed over the trench will protect the plants. By the time the peas are up to the top of the trench, they will be safe from frost. The sides of the trench may be dug down, the peas stuck with brush, and very early green peas may be had for the table. Snap beans and okra may be started in this way. The okra will not require as deep a trench, as it is of slower growth.

A farmer in Southern Alabama advises persons smoking hams to throw upon the fire occasionally a handful of china berries, which he says will be an effectual preventive against skippers.

The chufer or earth almond, a plant introduced in the South by seed from the Patent Office, is found on trial to be very valuable in those parts where the climate is favorable to its maturing. The plant is immensely productive, 1250 perfect nuts having been raised from one seed. The tops are said to be useful as forage for stock. Hogs are very fond of the nuts, and fatten on them rapidly. The crop may be left in the ground, and the hogs turned into the field to root out their own living, which they are found to do very readily. The expressed juice of the nut makes a delightfully cooling drink.

A writer in the *South Carolina Agriculturist* says: "For two or three months we had half a bushel or three pecks of tomatoes boiled with the same quantity of squashes each day, and given to four cows. The quantity of butter exceeded the usual average; but the most striking result was the beautiful yellow color, and the delicious flavor imparted to the butter by the tomatoes."

Within a few years, potatoes, formerly one of the most reliable crops, have become, on account of the prevalence of the *rot*, one of the most uncertain of field crops. It is right that every intelligent farmer who has experimented in different modes of culture should give to the farming public the results of his experiments. "In the multitude of counselors there is safety." A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* reports as his experience (he has been successful in getting good crops), that the rot is not so apt to prevail where you cut your potatoes in pieces for planting; for the reason that the seed rots quicker, and by the time the potatoes commence ripening the old seed is entirely gone, and the hill is left pure; whereas if you plant whole potatoes, and those large ones, they cannot rot by the time the new ones ripen, and the hill is diseased, and the new potato coming in contact with the rotten seed, there is more liability of the crop rotting in the latter case than in the former. "If any one will remove all the old seed from the hill, there will be no rot."

We give such opinions for what they are worth. From a general comparison of results only can farmers hope to gain any decided and valuable information as to the cause and means of prevention of potato rot.

To get the greatest benefit from manure, it must be *intimately mixed with the soil.* It makes a much greater difference than most farmers suppose, whether the manure is buried in lumps or clods, or whether it is carefully spread and intermixed with the soil, as far as may be by plowing and harrowing. The richest fertilizer is of no use to a plant unless fitted for *plant-food*—so intermixed with the soil as to invite the roots, and so porous to moisture as to become soluble, that the roots may take it up.

Here are a few hints for the use of those intending to cultivate tobacco:

Prepare no more ground than you can afford to manure very highly; cultivate thoroughly, and keep with your farm-force fully clear of green worms and weeds. Procure the best seed, prepare your beds and sow, sufficiently early in the season that you may be able to set out your plants by the 15th of June; top low—a few large leaves are worth more than many small ones; cut before frost, and only in the cooler portions of the day; and in cutting and carting, use care not to bruise the leaf.

Don't hang too closely in the curing-house; don't hang over new hay; and see that the curing-house is properly ventilated at top as well as the sides.

Never strip until the main *stem* of the *leaf* is thoroughly dry; one "fat stem" will spoil a whole hank; be careful also not to take down *early* more than can be stripped at once, and not any in *very wet* weather. Tobacco once hanked *too wet* can not be dried, and if boxed too wet will be spoiled. Assort, when stripping, into three sorts: First, put all the sound, whole, fine, good color, by itself, thus making one sort of *perfect wrappers*—if well done, this sort will bring *more than your whole crop* if stripped together; second, take all the very light *yellow*, that also with large holes, and the thick leaves for the second sort, thus making imperfect wrappers, which will bring about half price; and, third, place all the balance for fillers. Each hank should contain about what can be *easily* clasped by the thumb and finger of a *small* hand, the butts all placed *even*, and then wound as near the end as possible with the binder. When hanked, each hank should be piled compactly in double rows, butts out, tips lapping, not spread like a fan *open*, but more like one *shut*, and see that *every* leaf is straight. One man should be on the pile to pack. When completed, cover well all but the butts, and as soon as the butts get dry, say in one or two weeks, the leaf is ready to pack in boxes, the sooner the better. Early packed—if in good order—cures best.

It is found that seeds of carrots, ruta baga, or mangel-wurzel, which are soaked from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and then rolled in plaster before sowing, will come up a week or ten days sooner than seed not treated in this way. As this gives the young plants a fair start with the weeds, it will prove a great advantage to the farmer. Two and a half pounds of carrot seed, four pounds of mangel-wurzel, or three pounds of turnip seed, should be sown to the acre. Carrots do best thinned out to four inches apart; turnips and mangel-wurzel, from four to eight inches. The distance between rows should be from eighteen to twenty inches; and the cultivator and hoe require to be actively and continually used to keep down weeds.

The tops of these roots are but little used in this country. In parts of England they have been, lately, found quite easily preserved; and it is stated that cattle are excessively fond of them; and that milch cows do especially well upon them, the butter from the milk of such as have been fed on these winter-cured tops being equal to the best grass butter of Spring. The following is the method recommended for curing turnip or mangel-wurzel tops: When the roots are taken up, cut off the tops close to the shoulder, taking the whole of the crown. Lay these in small heaps as they are cut. It is necessary also to choose a dry time for storing them, as they would be apt to heat if put in after rain, or in wet weather. Dig a trench fifteen feet wide, and as many feet deep as the dryness of the soil will allow; if in the field, as near the gate or road as convenient, in order to come at them the more readily without trampling on the land unnecessarily. It should also be near the ditch, to carry off the rain-water that falls on the heap. Put a layer of tops into the trench about three-quarters of a foot thick, on which sprinkle a quantity of salt, in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to four cubic feet of the tops. Over this put on another layer of tops, also salted, and so on, each layer decreasing in thickness, on account of the salt draining downward. Tread them down gently, and bring them on a slope from the surface of the ground, so as to form a ridge on the top, keeping it steep enough to shoot off the water. When the trench is filled, cover the sides with a thick coat of earth, beating it hard and smooth, and forming the ridge to correspond with that of the tops. As the moisture of the foliage evaporates, fissures will occur in the sides. These must be closely and constantly attended to, and filled up with fresh earth, and the sides kept smooth and sloping. Cut a drain all round the trench, *sloping from its foot*, with an outlet into the ditch, if possible. This will carry off all the rain-water that falls upon the hoard, *provided the sides are kept perfectly close and smooth*, which is of the greatest importance; for if the wet gets to the bulk in any part, it will destroy the whole. In six or eight weeks the curing process will be completed by the evaporation of the moisture, and the tops will be fit for use. About one bushel may be given (with other food) to a cow or bullock per day.

A Georgia correspondent speaks of "*Pie-melons*," as being quite an acquisition in those regions where winter-apples are scarce. The seed, we are informed, was brought from the Sandwich Islands. The vine grows much as the common water-melon, but requires more room (the hills should be eighteen or twenty feet apart), and is much more prolific than our melons. The fruit will keep in good condition for use the winter through, if stored away in a dry cellar or outhouse in the fall. The melons make *pies* and *custards*, closely resembling those made of apples. To make them, pare the melons (take out the seed), cut them up, add a little water, and stew them down as you do apples, in a porcelain kettle. Then season, as you do stewed apples, with sugar, nutmegs, spices, etc., to suit the taste, adding a little tartaric acid.

ABOUT GLOVES.

One chilly day in the month of March—month of catarrhs and chilblains—month grateful to physicians and candy-dealers—I was walking somewhat briskly down one of those *passages*, or covered galleries, which are such delightful retreats for the Parisian during the rainy days of spring.

I was heated with exercise and buried in thought, and scarce knowing what I did I found that I had opened the door of one of the stores in the arcade, and approached the counter without even the usual politeness of removing my hat.

"A pair of gloves?" said I.

She rose from her seat.

I suddenly became aware that she was pretty. It is astonishing what a sovereign remedy for abstraction of the intellect is a charming mouth and large dark eyes! She certainly was pretty. Her dress was indescribable, because it was in good taste. Her smile was dazzling, because it played over a mouth and cheeks that even in repose must have been entrancing.

"What size do you require?" she said, coming forward to the counter.

Now if you, wicked reader that you are! were in my place, knowing as you do, that in Paris the young girls who attend in glove-stores fit the gloves on the hands of the purchasers themselves—you, I say, would have certainly misstated the size of your hand, in order to prolong that delightful operation of having your digits gloved by a pretty woman. But I was more honest.

"Ladies' eights," I answered.

"What price, Sir?"

"Cheap."

"Of Swedish make, Sir?" she inquired.

"As you please, mademoiselle!"

She smiled.

"What color?"

"Light, mademoiselle, if you please."

"How do you like those?" she said, opening a box of gloves that lay on the counter.

"You are certain that they are fresh gloves?"

"Oh, Monsieur! I assure you that it is not an hour since my husband brought them home and left them here. At any rate, you can satisfy yourself by examining them."

"Your husband!" I repeated, "then you must pardon me, *madame*!"

She smiled again.

"Can I try them on?"

"It is not generally the custom with those cheap gloves," she said, with the prettiest curl of her lip; "but if you desire it, certainly."

I held out my right hand.

"Too large," she muttered, tossing her head; "too large by a size and a half." Then she took another pair. "How will those do?" she added.

"I believe they'll fit me," I replied.

"Well, first try on the four fingers, and then slide in the thumb."

"Humph!" said I. "I am either very awkward to-day, or my hand has grown larger, or those gloves are too small."

"I don't think so, Monsieur," she said; "your hand is perhaps moist. Let me help you."

"With pleasure."

What a lovely neck! A few rich curls of her glossy hair came down and wreathed themselves about it, like the scroll-work twisting around the capital of some snowy Corinthian pillar. Then her hand—how soft and white! How delicately the blue veins ramified beneath that delicate skin, like azure rivers coursing through fields of snow. I am ashamed to confess that I distinguished a most positive pulsation in my heart.

I know not whether it was owing to my long scrutiny of her face or the obstinacy of my hand, which would *not* be fitted, but she presently became impatient, raised her head suddenly, cast down her eyes, placed the glove on the counter, and returned to her seat without saying a word.

If there is one quality more than another which I possess in perfection, it is assurance; so, without the slightest ceremony, and an air of perfect composure, I took a chair by the door, and disposing myself into a comfortable attitude, began,

"What horrid weather!"

"Yes," she answered, shortly.

"It has rained all day."

"So it seems."

"And you have no fire here!"

"No."

Not a word more.

The deuce, thought I, I must have offended her in some way. Then, assuming an attitude not quite so free-and-easy, I observed her more closely. She was busily employed in watching the passengers in the arcade, through the window. Suddenly she blushed. On whose account? On mine? You shall see.

The door of the shop was now suddenly pushed open, and a rather elegant-looking young man, with a carefully-gummed mustacho, rushed in, leaving the door open, so that I found myself placed between that and the wall. I could, however, through the glass panes, observe every thing that went forward.

"I am in such a hurry, my dear ——," said he, calling her by her name, Araminta or Seraphina, I do not recollect which—"quick, a pair of gloves. Ah! that will do," seizing the pair I had tried on—"good-by, my dear, I am in a devil of a hurry, or I'd—but I'll see you this evening"—and with a meaning look and a triumphant smile, he departed, without paying for his gloves.

Poor thing, she was crimson with shame. As for me, I could neither move nor utter a single word.

A moment after, a short, clumsy, ill-dressed man, with a queer green cap on his head, and a complexion of a somewhat similar color, entered the shop slowly, when seeing me he pulled off his cap, and said, very humbly,

"What can I do for you, Sir?"

I endeavored to look as if I had just come in also.

"A pair of gloves, of Swedish make," I answered.

"There is a whole box here, Sir. Please to choose from them." Here he went to the counter. "Ah! There is a pair missing here. How is this?" he cried, looking at his wife.

"I have just bought them," I answered quickly. "How much?"

"Twenty cents."

"There are two francs."

"Give the gentleman his change," said the glove-maker to his wife.

"There is no change in the till," she answered.

"No matter," I said, "I think I have a franc here," and opening my porte-monnaie I gave him the twenty cents and replaced the two-franc piece. Then I felt in my pocket, and endeavored to look as if I was trying whether my gloves were safely deposited there.

"Diable! you've never got any change," muttered the old fellow; and, looking indignantly at his wife, he marched off into a little room behind the store.

I turned to leave.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!" I heard uttered in a sweet little voice, in which a slight tremor was discernible. I turned back and saw my little friend standing behind the counter, with a flushed face, and her large dark eyes filled with tears of mortification. She held the franc out to me with an imploring look, as if the money burned her delicate fingers.

I approached and took her hand gently in mine. The franc-piece rolled on the counter, and she gave a startled glance into the back-room—then looked at the packet of gloves—then at me, with an expression that seemed to say, "If you will pay for the young man's gloves when my husband is by, pray take another pair now that he is gone."

"Your husband," I said, in a low voice, "is very exacting, is he not?"

"Nevertheless," she whispered, "nevertheless—" and the crimson of her cheeks rushed into her eyes.

"Well, if I have your secret, it is not my fault."

She was silent for a moment, then suddenly she seemed to have come to some resolve, and, turning to me, said:

"What is your name, Sir?"

"What is yours?" I returned, smiling.

"Did you not hear it?"

"I have forgotten it."

"Ah!"

She sank once more into a thoughtful silence.

"Do you live far from this?" she recommenced.

"In the Champs Elysées."

"That is very far. You came here by accident?"

"Mere chance, I assure you."

"Now tell me, candidly, was it not the fame of our shop that brought you over here?"

"I never knew that there was such a shop, on my honor."

"Well, then," she continued, "I accept your franc on one condition."

"And that is?"

"You must leave this place instantly without looking at the sign over the door; nor come this way again for three months."

"I understand."

"Give me your word."

"I promise."

With one hand she slipped the twenty cents into the till; the other still remained in mine. I raised it to my lips, imprinted a respectful kiss upon it, and lifting my hat, bowed and went out. She followed me to the door to be sure that I did not give any furtive glances at the sign. At the end of the gallery I looked back, but she was gone.

Would you, reader, have stolen back and read the name and number over the door, think you? Well, I was honorable, and did not. Yet it was astonishing what a number of Swedish gloves I bought during the ensuing month.

Sackinka.

THE FATAL CRINOLINE.

A SAD TALE OF WOMAN'S WRONGS.

In the Rue St. Martin le Grand, there lived lately the happiest married couple in all Paris—M. Valdemont, a chemist, and his blooming and beautiful wife Jeannette. Madame Jeannette adored her husband, who was, in truth, a very intelligent and kind-hearted man, and of some eminence in his profession; and he in return worshiped his "heart's delight," as he called his wife, with a fervor which scarce permitted him to think of aught else but her comfort and pleasure. The felicity of this youthful pair was the talk of all the street, and Valdemont was the envy of all his bachelor friends.

Madame Valdemont had but one failing. She eagerly studied the fashions; and having once seen in the shop-windows, or on the street, a new cut of dress, a smaller and more modish bonnet than she then possessed, had no peace of mind till her graceful form or queenly head was decked in the new style. Valdemont was too indulgent and wise a husband to interfere with these his wife's petty weaknesses, and generally gladly procured for her all that she asked.

Coming in to his dinner one day, he noticed upon the countenance of his Jeannette that expression of faint, melancholic longing which the indulgent husband will readily recognize as the unfailing tell-tale of some new-born desire.

"What is it, Heart's delight?" asked he, as, dinner finished, they sat over their coffee.

"Nothing, dearest Charles," was the answer, in that peculiar tone of voice which assures the listening husband that "nothing" means "every thing."

"You seem feverish, dearest," suggested Valdemont. "Permit me to send for the doctor."

"No, no, pray do not," begged madame. "Indeed I feel quite well; but—" and she hesitated.

"Well—but what, Heart's delight?" asked the husband. "If you have a wish unfulfilled, pray tell it me. You know if it is in my power you shall have all your heart desires."

There was yet a little pretty hesitation on Madame Jeannette's part, but after sundry encouraging requests from her husband, she at length spoke out.

"It is a wish which I know you will declare absurd; but I will tell it since you ask me to. You have long ridiculed the new fashion by which the dresses of the ladies are so beautifully distended. I was at first of your mind, and thought the hoops unbearable. But alas! I see plainly that unless one follows this fashion, she will become the laughing-stock of her lady friends. And walking out this morning, I saw, in the Boulevard de la Madeleine, the most beautiful crinolines! Dear Charles, I feel that the happiness of my life depends on a purchase at that *magasin*. I shall not dare to go out upon the Boulevard again, without having previously my dress arranged in the new style."

This said, Madame Valdemont reclined upon the ottoman, overcome by her feelings, and casting looks of agonized entreaty at her lord, who was, meantime, with saddened expression, carefully examining the flowers upon the wall-paper of the room.

"Dearest Jeannette," he said at last, "you know how gladly I have always fulfilled your slightest wish. But this time, darling, I must remonstrate. I have an unconquerable dislike to crinoline."

"But I shall become sick with disappointment, I am sure," urges madame.

"I trust your common sense, and your love for your husband, will prevent such a calamity, my dear," answered Valdemont; "for I must assure you that this one of your wishes must be disappointed. Crinoline you can not have."

At these cruel words Jeannette, weeping with disappointment, withdrew to her bedroom and locked the door on her hard-hearted spouse, threatening never to emerge from this apartment till her wish was granted; and preferring death by starvation to life without crinoline.

What was Valdemont to do? Sorrow-stricken at this sudden interruption to his cherished bliss, but experiencing an exceedingly strong aversion to the article which was the unfortunate cause of the disagreement, he retired to his laboratory to muse upon the course of his affairs. Here musing, he finally came upon a solution of the difficulty. For are not all things possible to genius?

It was already night when he knocked at the door of his wife's self-constituted prison.

"Pray open. It is I, Jeannette."

"Without the crinoline there is no entrance here," resounded from the chamber, in a firm, yet agitated voice.

"Your wishes shall be fulfilled," was the answer; and in the same moment the door was opened, and Jeannette took in one arm her husband and in the other hand the longed-for garment.

What a shameful deceit! There was no crinoline, but a simple skirt, colorless and formless. Jeannette would have fainted, but Valdemont begged her to restrain the impulse and attend upon his motions; whereupon he drew out a small elastic pipe and through it blew with might and main into the shapeless garment, which shortly developed itself into the noblest and most collossal proportions. It was of India-rubber cloth, and the fruit of Valdemont's genius and domestic trouble.

Jeannette, as may be supposed, was almost beside herself for joy at this discovery, the size and grace of which far surpassed the most famous crinoline. She hugged her husband to her heart, and thereafter each day walked out upon the Boulevards, the envy of all the ladies, who beheld in the circumference of her dress their most cherished hopes excelled.

But, though the happiness of his wife was now complete, there were some disagreeable circumstances attending upon this new peace. He found himself cruelly separated from his wife by his unrelaxing invention. When arrayed in her new garment no one could approach within less than four feet of her person. To kiss her was evidently impracticable to the affectionate husband. To walk out as of yore, arm in arm, was also in the catalogue of impossibilities. He could not even reach her extended hand, and was obliged to devise a small tray fastened to a stick, by means of which to reach to her such smaller articles as she needed.

But more fatal than all this to his happiness, and even to his health, was the diurnal necessity for filling with air the fatal garment. The exertion was too great for him, and shortly his lungs became seriously affected. But here his chemical knowledge came again to his aid. He constructed vessels in which he was enabled to compress, by mechanical processes, such quantities of air as sufficed to extend to its greatest latitude his wife's skirt. The aperture in this needed only to be securely fastened to an opening in the air-vessel and a spigot turned, when, in a very few moments, the compressed air rushed into and extended the loved garment.

One evening Valdemont had gone out on business. His wife, who desired to attend a party, stood ready dressed upon the floor, anxiously waiting for his return—for she lacked yet one thing of completeness—she was not inflated. The minutes flew by, the time drew near for her departure, yet no Valdemont appeared. Despairing of his return, madame at last sends her *femme de chambre* into the laboratory for the air-vessel, with the determination themselves to make the application. The girl returns quickly with the receiver, fastens the vent securely to the short connecting-pipe, and withdraws the stopper. The inflation proceeds with marvelous celerity, and in a few moments madame, to her extreme delight, has attained a greater breadth than ever before. But alas! suddenly the poor woman feels herself drawn upward from her feet by some mysterious power. Shrieking vainly for help, she is wafted out of the open door into the garden; and then the frantic servant sees her ascend with terrific rapidity into mid-air, disappearing finally in the clouds.

Just then Valdemont returns to his home. He hears the screams of the servant-girl, and hastens to inquire the cause. She points to the supposititious air-receiver, yet lying upon the floor. In one moment the dreadful truth flashes across his mind. The receiver used contained not air but hydrogen gas, very highly compressed, intended for the inflation of a monster balloon. His Jeannette, by his own criminal carelessness, had misapplied the dangerous gas, and was now, alas! floating away, at random, through space.

* * * * * *

Walking along the Paris Boulevards of late, you may see a forlorn-looking man, staring with vacant, soulless eyes toward the heavens, as though hoping to descry some extraordinary thing in the clouds. It is the unfortunate Valdemont, who, bereft at one fell blow of his senses, and of the wife of his bosom, now vainly gazes after the loved one lost.

It is known that there are certain laws which govern comets and other slightly luminous bodies moving in eccentric orbits. These laws of motion being applied by a distinguished French astronomer to the case of Madame Valdemont, he has determined that she will be again visible to the unassisted eye of observers in 3 years, 2 months, and 12 days. It is hoped that, on the occurrence of that event, measures may be taken to secure the unfortunate lady, and prevent her farther rambling through space. But it is feared that ere that time arrives crinoline will be gone out of fashion, and she will, on beholding the comely shapes of the fashionable ladies of that sensible day, die of mortification at the recollection of her former inflated folly.

MEN AND THINGS IN LONDON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

BIG BEN.

PASSING down Parliament Street the other day, on my way to "our Palace at Westminster"—just to see what preparations the "property man" was making for the opening of Parliament next week—my ears were assailed with the most discordant noise they ever encountered; not even excepting a "row" at a theatre, when manager proved delinquent. But this noise! to what shall I compare it? to nothing but the concentrated noise of 999,999 cow-horns, all in unison. A cold chill seized all my frame. I felt as the "lion slayer" might have felt had he stood alone in the desert, unarmed in the presence of fifty roaring lions. The intensity of this noise quite disturbed my equilibrium, my body began to sway to and fro like a pendulum, and I could only maintain an upright position by exercising intense muscularity in holding on to a lamp-post. What could it be? All the locomotives in the world, blowing off their steam in chorus, could not have made up half the sum of this din. "What is it?" I faintly gasped. I looked in my neighbor's face, in the faces of all the passers-by, for a solution of the riddle; but they wore their accustomed beery stolidity, quite unconcerned. Upon recovering sufficient breath, I put the question to a policeman sauntering by; he paused, and coolly surveyed me from head to foot, to see, I suppose, whether I was "chaffing" him: satisfied that I was seriously in earnest, he gravely replied, "*That*, Sir! what you hear? why that's Big Ben! don't ye know?" "Oh, yes; thank you. I do know." Big Ben! ah, the biggest bell in England; the biggest, but not the best. Many a sweet peal of bells have I heard in my pilgrimage through life, nor can I remember an unpleasing one, not even when the peal consisted of but three bells. Of individual bells I have made the acquaintance of many, have heard great Tom of Lincoln, and big Tom of Oxford; they are sweet-voiced, musical both; but oh, Big Ben is as harsh and discordant as a railway-whistle. Anon he will be hoisted up into that eyrie chamber of the clock-tower of the new Houses of Parliament, and thence proclaim the loss of time in most unmusical voice. Up there, in the thin air of solitude, its harshness may become mellowed ere its tones reach our lower regions; but were I a denizen of Westminster I should envy the citizens of Cheapside *their* Bow-bells, with the world of poetic and romantic associations they ever awaken. Oh, Big Ben! only when the wind is sou'west will your harsh Xantippe-like voice disturb my reveries or slumbers. This monster bell is the exponent of a very prevalent but false idea in art, that size or magnitude is a main element in excellence. It is not size but proportion that should give us most concern. Gog and Magog are bigger than the Farnese Hercules; but who would care to look twice at the cockney giants? Big Ben is bigger than the clock-bell of St. Paul's—the latter, though grave and deep-toned, is pleasing to the ear, as its tones come looming up the river asserting their power over the din and roar of the city-traffic—but Big Ben only makes your teeth chatter, and gives you an uncomfortable feeling all over. Yet Ben is the biggest bell in all England. Talking of bells, it is worthy of note, that the fire-bell on the City Hall, at New York, strikes the same note as the clock-bell of St. Paul's in London. I never hear the voice of the latter without expecting to hear also the usual accompaniment of "Turn out!" from the boys. But they put out their fires very quietly here; there is less shouting but more water. When Covent Garden Theatre was burned down last year, although I was sleeping within a furlong of its side, I heard nothing of the disaster until a newsboy passing beneath my windows shouted, "Total destruction of Covent Garden Theatre by fire this morning!" I could have believed more improbable things, yet few calamities of like nature could have excited more regret. It was a temple truly worthy to be the shrine of the lyric drama; and I may say, I have never experienced a higher intellectual pleasure than that enjoyed within its walls. There I first heard the luscious notes of Alboni, the melting voice of Mario, the sweet, matchless tones of Grisi, the mellow, ponderous bass of Formes. Now its scenic splendors are all gone to dust! But there is consolation for those who mourn. Covent Garden will rise again!

FINANCIAL ROGUES.

What an extraordinary crop of financial rogues we raised last year in the hot-bed of beggarly ostentation. "What!" exclaims Mrs. Grundy, "what is the world coming to? Who can be trusted? The shop-boy robs the till, to bet on High-flyer. Your chambermaid 'finds' your loose silver on the floor, and buys new ribbon. Your 'man Friday' sells your 'old boots' before they are half worn-out, to buy himself 'real Havanas.' Your banker sells your securities to bolster up his credit, although he has been bankrupt for a quarter of a century." All these are creatures fashioned after their kind; probably they all could find some excuse for their delinquencies: impecuniosity is a terrible sharp spur; it saps the foundations of the strongest virtue; but of late we have had a new class of rogues, who had not even this shadow of an excuse; men who were "beggars on horseback," and rode, I need not say where. Well, an impartial jury has settled their account, and their penance and expiation will require all their lives. Woe betide them! I have much cultivated the society of rogues, because I have a theory that the "mother makes the man" in more senses than one. When I converse with a confessed rogue, I manage to lead the conversation to the mother, and, I grieve to say it, there is always something wrong there: either the poor wretch "never had any," or she was a drunkard, or worse. Hence comes the moral: Look to your mothers that are or are to be; make them fit to bring up men in the way they should go. But of all rogues, the worst is the "rogue in grain," such an one as Baron Martin chastised with his rebuke the other day, in the trial on the great gold robbery. One of the thieves, Agar, had amassed a considerable sum of money when he got into trouble. He intrusted some three thousand pounds to one of his "pals" to invest in the funds for the benefit of his (Agar's) child and its mother. The villain Pierce appropriated this money to his own use, and the woman and child were left to starve, Agar having been transported for life. But mark the sequel. Agar, learning Pierce's treachery, gave information, which brought him to the bar of the Old Bailey; he, with his confederates, were found guilty. In passing sentence, Baron Martin thus expressed his manly indignation: "On you, Pierce, I am unfortunately compelled to inflict a punishment less severe than upon the other prisoners. They were servants of the Company, but you were not. By a strained construction of the law, you might, perhaps, have been got into the same category with the other two; but I am unwilling, and my brother Willes agrees with me, to strain the law against you. But I do declare that, if I stood in that dock to receive sentence, I should feel more degraded to be in your place than in that even of either of your associates. You had been long connected with this man Agar; he trusted you, and he gave you £3000 stock to be invested for the benefit of his child and its mother, together with £600, his share of the produce of this robbery, and the rest of the gold which had not been sold; in all, you must have got out of him about £15,000. This you stole and appropriated to your own use. It is a worse offense, I declare, than the act of which you have been found guilty. I would rather have been concerned in stealing the gold than in the robbery of that wretched woman—call her harlot if you will—and her child. A greater villain than you are, I believe does not exist." (*Loud applause in the Court.*) These observations of Baron Martin, will, I hope, have a salutary effect upon those villains of the deepest dye who go about to rob women. It is a melancholy fact, which daily experience testifies, that a woman can seldom be intrusted with money; she either "loses" it, or is robbed of it. May all such rogues as Pierce, true rogues in grain, come under the lash of Baron Martin. Few will blame or censure him if he does a little "strain the law."

A SHABBY NOBLEMAN.

Oh, the littleness of great people! My Lord Ernest Vane Tempest belongs to one of the richest and noblest (?) families in England, but he has demeaned himself by acts that the veriest plebeian would scorn. You know how, last summer, he nearly killed the manager of the Windsor Theatre, because he opposed my lord's entrance to the ladies' dressing-rooms; next, for some disgusting "practical joking," he was cashiered; and it was hoped that he had sunk into merited obscurity and insignificance. But he has lately "turned up" in a new character, which, for meanness, outvies all his former exploits. A jeweler supplied this young Hopeful with rings, necklaces, trinkets, etc., to the value of some £150. When called upon to pay, my lord pleaded "infancy," being under age when these necessaries were supplied to him. His mother, the Marchioness of Londonderry, offered the jeweler five shillings in the pound. He submitted his case to a jury, who gave him a verdict for something less than half the amount, being all of the articles supplied he could prove the delivery of, the clerk who could have proved the remainder being absent in Egypt. The verdict will, however, serve as a caution to "fast" young sprigs of nobility that they can not commit inroads upon a tradesman's property with impunity. It appears in Lord Ernest Vane Tempest's case that the larger proportion of the articles supplied to him were of a nature adapted as presents to the fair sex, such as lockets, necklaces, rings, etc. With what a proud air of satisfaction must the favored fair one regard these unpaid-for pledges of affection! Will it not become necessary, in future, for the fair recipients to mildly ask, "Who is your jeweler?" and then furtively inquire of his book-keeper, "Has my Lord Harry paid you for the last necklace and bracelets he bought me?"

TOM THUMB AND HIS VICTIMS.

Tom Thumb is at his old tricks again, turning the weak heads of idle women, and astonishing young masters and misses home for the holidays. Some dozen years have slipped away since he last ruled the day here, and, in the interregnum, some 500,000 babies have been born in London, and grown up into an age of wonderment. But the General remains as young as ever. Age appears not to wither the flower of his youth. We ask whose death will lie at his door this time; it was poor Haydon's, the painter, before. Now we think it will be Albert Smith, the Cockney King of Mont Blanc. Haydon committed suicide at the thought that, while thousands rushed daily to see and fondle over a dwarf, his exhibition of works, certainly bearing the stamp of true genius, was visited by some half dozen persons a day. It was too much for his excited nerves. He had lived a life of constant excitement, in endless strife between poverty and improvident spending; so, to end the struggle, from which there appeared no relief, he "put out the light," and then—

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH. TIMON OF LONDON.

TIMON of Athens retreated from an ungrateful world to a cavern by the sea-shore—Timon of London took refuge from his species in a detached house at Bayswater. Timon of Athens vented his misanthropy in magnificent poetry—Timon of London expressed his sentiments in shabby prose. Timon of Athens had the honor of being called "My Lord"—Timon of London was only addressed as "Mr. Treverton." The one point of resemblance which it is possible to set against these points of contrast between the two Timons consisted in this: that their misanthropy was, at least, genuine. Both were incorrigible haters of mankind.

From his childhood, Andrew Treverton's character had presented those strong distinguishing marks of good and bad, jostling and contradicting each other, which the language of the world carelessly expresses and contemptuously sums up in the one word—eccentric. There is probably no better proof of the accuracy of that definition of man which describes him as an imitative animal, than is to be found in the fact that the verdict of humanity is always against any individual member of the species who presumes to differ from the rest. A man is one of a flock, and his wool must be of the general color. He must drink when the rest drink, and graze where the rest graze. When the others are frightened by a dog, and scamper, starting with the right leg, he must be frightened by a dog, and scamper, starting with the right leg also. If he is not frightened, or even if, being frightened, he scampers and starts out of step with the rest, it is a proof at once that there is something not right about him. Let a man walk at noonday with perfect composure of countenance and decency of gait, with not the slightest appearance of vacancy in his eyes or wildness in his manner, from one end of Oxford Street to the other, without his hat; and let every one of the thousands of hat-wearing people whom he passes be asked separately what they think of him, how many will abstain from deciding instantly that he is mad, on no other evidence than the evidence of his bare head? Nay, more: let him politely stop each one of those passengers, and let him explain in the plainest form of words, and in the most intelligible manner, that his head feels more easy and comfortable without a hat than with one, how many of his fellow-mortals who decided that he was mad on first meeting him will change their opinion when they part from him, after hearing his explanation? In the vast majority of cases, the very explanation itself would be accepted as an excellent additional proof that the intellect of the hatless man was indisputably deranged.

Starting at the beginning of the march of life out of step with the rest of the mortal regiment, Andrew Treverton paid the penalty of his irregularity from his earliest days. He was a phenomenon in the nursery, a butt at school, and a victim at college. The ignorant nursemaid reported him as a queer child; the learned schoolmaster genteelly varied the phrase, and described him as an eccentric boy; the college tutor, harping on the same string, facetiously likened his head to a roof, and said there was a slate loose in it. When a slate is loose, if nobody fixes it in time, it ends by falling off. In the roof of a house we view that consequence as a necessary result of neglect; in the roof of a man's head we are generally very much shocked and surprised by it.

Overlooked in some directions and misdirected in others, Andrew's uncouth capacities for good tried helplessly to shape themselves. The better side of his eccentricity took the form of friendship. He became violently and unintelligibly fond of one among his school-fellows—a boy, who treated him with no especial consideration in the play-ground, and who gave him no particular help in the class. Nobody could discover the smallest reason for it, but it was nevertheless a notorious fact that Andrew's pocket-money was always at this boy's service, that Andrew ran about after him like a dog, and that Andrew over and over again took the blame and punishment on his own shoulders which ought to have fallen on the shoulders of his friend. When, a few years afterward, that friend went to college, the lad petitioned to be sent to college too, and attached himself there more closely than ever to the strangely-chosen comrade of his school-boy days. Such devotion as this must have touched any man possessed of ordinary generosity of disposition. It made no impression whatever on the inherently base nature of Andrew's friend. After three years of intercourse at college—intercourse which was all selfishness on one side and all self-sacrifice on the other—the end came, and the light was let in cruelly on Andrew's eyes. When his purse grew light in his friend's hand, and when his acceptances were most numerous on his friend's bills, the brother of his honest affection, the hero of his simple admiration, abandoned him to embarrassment, to ridicule, and to solitude, without the faintest affectation of penitence—without so much, even, as a word of farewell.

He returned to his father's house, a soured man at the outset of life—returned to be upbraided for the debts that he had contracted to serve the man who had heartlessly outraged and shamelessly cheated him. He left home in disgrace, to travel, on a small allowance. The travels were protracted, and they ended, as such travels often do, in settled expatriation. The life he led, the company he kept, during his long residence abroad, did him permanent and fatal harm. When he at last returned to England, he presented himself in the most hopeless of all characters—the character of a man who believes in nothing. At this period of his life, his one chance for the future lay in the good results which his brother's influence over him might have produced. The two had hardly resumed their intercourse of early days, when the quarrel occasioned by Captain Treverton's marriage broke it off forever. From that time, for all social interests and purposes, Andrew was a lost man. From that time, he met the last remonstrances that were made to him by the last friends who took any interest in his fortunes, always with the same bitter and hopeless form of reply: "My dearest friend forsook and cheated me," he would say. "My only brother has quarreled with me for the sake of a play-actress. What am I to expect of the rest of mankind after that? I have suffered twice for my belief in others—I will never suffer a third time. The wise man is the man who does not disturb his heart at its natural occupation of pumping blood through his body. I have gathered my experience abroad and at home; and have learned enough to see through the delusions of life which look like realities to other men's eyes, but which have betrayed themselves years ago to mine. My business in this world is to eat, drink, sleep, and die. Every thing else is superfluity—and I have done with it."

The few people who ever cared to inquire about him again, after being repulsed by such an avowal as this, heard of him, three or four years after his brother's marriage, in the neighborhood of Bayswater. Local reports described him as having bought the first cottage he could find, which was cut off from other houses by a wall all round it. It was further rumored that he was living like a miser; that he had got an old man-servant, named Shrowl, who was even a greater enemy to mankind than himself; that he allowed no living soul, not even an occasional char-woman, to enter the house; that he was letting his beard grow, and that he had ordered his servant Shrowl to follow his example. In the year eighteen hundred and forty-four the fact of a man's not shaving was regarded by the enlightened majority of the English nation as a proof of unsoundness of intellect. At the present time Mr. Treverton's beard would only have interfered with his reputation for respectability. Thirteen years ago it was accepted as so much additional evidence in support of the old theory that his intellects were deranged. He was at that very time, as his stock-broker could have testified, one of the sharpest men of business in London; he could argue on the wrong side of any question with an acuteness of sophistry and sarcasm that Doctor Johnson himself might have envied; he kept his household accounts right to a farthing; his manner was never disturbed in the slightest degree from morning to night; his eyes were all quickness and intelligence; but what did these advantages avail him, in the estimation of his neighbors, when he presumed to live on another plan than theirs, and when he wore a hairy certificate of lunacy on the lower part of his face? We have advanced a little in the matter of partial toleration of beards since that time, but we have still a great deal of ground to get over. In the present year of progress, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, would the most trustworthy banker's clerk in the whole metropolis have the slightest chance of keeping his situation if he left off shaving his chin?

Common report, which calumniated Mr. Treverton as mad, had another error to answer for in describing him as a miser. He saved more than two-thirds of the income derived from his comfortable fortune, not because he liked hoarding up money, but because he had no enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries which money is spent in procuring. To do him justice, his contempt for his own wealth was quite as hearty as his contempt for the wealth of his neighbors. Thus characteristically wrong on both points, in endeavoring to delineate his character, report was, nevertheless, for once in a way, inconsistently right in describing his manner of life. It was true that he had bought the first cottage he could find that was secluded within its own walls; true that nobody was allowed, on any pretense whatever, to enter his doors; and true that he had met with a servant, who was even bitterer against all mankind than himself, in the person of Mr. Shrowl.

The life these two led approached as nearly to the existence of the primitive man (or savage) as the surrounding conditions of civilization would allow. Admitting the necessity of eating and drinking, the first object of Mr. Treverton's ambition was to sustain life with the least possible dependence on the race of men who professed to supply their neighbors' bodily wants, and who, as he conceived, cheated them infamously on the strength of their profession. Having a garden at the back of the house, Timon of London dispensed with the green-grocer altogether by cultivating his own vegetables. There was no room for growing wheat, or he would have turned farmer also on his own account; but he could outwit the miller and the baker, at any rate, by buying a sack of corn, grinding it in his own hand-mill, and giving the flour to Shrowl to make into bread. On the same principle, the meat for the house was bought wholesale of the City salesman—the master and servant eating as much of it in the fresh state as they could, salting the rest, and setting butchers at defiance. As for drink, neither brewer nor publican ever had the chance of extorting a farthing from Mr. Treverton's pocket. He and

Shrowl were satisfied with beer, and they brewed for themselves. With bread, vegetables, meat, and malt-liquor, these two hermits of modern days achieved the great double purpose of keeping life in, and keeping the tradesmen out.

Eating like primitive men, they lived in all other respects like primitive men also. They had pots, pans, and pipkins, two deal tables, two chairs, two old sofas, two short pipes, and two long cloaks. They had no stated meal-times, no carpets and bedsteads, no cabinets, bookcases, or ornamental knickknacks of any kind, no laundress, and no char-woman. When either of the two wanted to eat and drink, he cut off his crust of bread, cooked his bit of meat, drew his drop of beer, without the slightest reference to the other. When either of the two thought he wanted a clean shirt, which was very seldom, he went and washed one for himself. When either of the two discovered that any part of the house was getting very dirty indeed, he took a bucket of water and a birch-broom, and washed the place out like a dog-kennel. And lastly, when either of the two wanted to go to sleep, he wrapped himself up in his cloak, and laid down on one of the sofas and took what repose he wanted, early in the evening or late in the morning, just as he pleased.

When there was no baking, brewing, gardening, or cleaning to be done, the two sat down opposite each other and smoked for hours, generally without uttering a word. Whenever they did speak they quarreled. Their ordinary dialogue was a species of conversational prize-fight, beginning with a sarcastic affectation of good-will on either side, and ending in hearty exchanges of violent abuse—just as the boxers go through the feeble formality of shaking hands before they enter on the serious practical business of beating each other's faces out of all likeness to the image of man. Not having so many disadvantages of early refinement and education to contend against as his master, Shrowl generally won the victory in these engagements of the tongue. Indeed, though nominally the servant, he was really the ruling spirit in the house—acquiring unbounded influence over his master by dint of outmarching Mr. Treverton in every direction on his own ground. Shrowl's was the harshest voice; Shrowl's were the bitterest sayings, and Shrowl's was the longest beard. If any one had accused Mr. Treverton of secretly deferring to his servant's opinions, and secretly fearing his servant's displeasure, he would have repudiated the imputation with the utmost bitterness and wrath. But it was not the less true that Shrowl's was the upper hand in the house, and that his decision on any important matter was, sooner or later, certain to be the decision at which his master arrived. The surest of all retributions is the retribution that lies in wait for a man who boasts. Mr. Treverton was rashly given to boasting of his independence, and when retribution overtook him it assumed a personal form, and bore the name of Shrowl.

On a certain morning, about three weeks after Mrs. Frankland had written to the housekeeper at Porthgenna Tower to mention the period at which her husband and herself might be expected there, Mr. Treverton descended, with his sourest face and his surliest manner, from the upper regions of the cottage to one of the rooms on the ground-floor, which civilized tenants would probably have called the parlor. Like his elder brother, he was a tall, well-built man; but his bony, haggard, sallow face bore not the slightest resemblance to the handsome, open, sun-burned face of the Captain. No one seeing them together could possibly have guessed that they were brothers, so completely did they differ in expression as well as in feature. The heart-aches that he had suffered in youth; the reckless, wandering, dissipated life that he led in manhood; the petulance, the disappointment, and the physical exhaustion of his later days had so wasted and worn him away that he looked his brother's elder by almost twenty years. With unbrushed hair and unwashed face, with a tangled gray beard, and an old patched, dirty flannel dressing-gown that hung about him like a sack, this descendant of a wealthy and ancient family looked as if his birth-place had been the work-house, and his vocation in life the selling of cast-off clothes.

It was breakfast-time with Mr. Treverton—that is to say, it was the time at which he felt hungry enough to think about eating something. In the same position over the mantle-piece in which a looking-glass would have been placed in a household of ordinary refinement, there hung in the cottage of Timon of London a side of bacon. On the deal table by the fire stood half a loaf of heavy-looking brown bread; in a corner of the room was a barrel of beer with two battered pewter pots hitched on to nails in the wall above it; and under the grate lay a smoky old gridiron, left just as it had been thrown down when last used and done with. Mr. Treverton took a greasy clasp-knife out of the pocket of his dressing-gown, cut off a rasher of bacon, jerked the gridiron on to the fire, and began to cook his breakfast. He had just turned the rasher, when the door opened and Shrowl entered the room, with his pipe in his mouth, bent on the same eating errand as his master.

In personal appearance Shrowl was short, fat, flabby, and perfectly bald, except at the back of his head, where a ring of bristly, iron-gray hair projected like a collar that had got hitched out of its place. To make amends for the scantiness of his hair, the beard which he had cultivated by his master's desire grew far over his cheeks and dropped down on his chest in two thick, jagged peaks. He wore a very old long-tailed dress-coat, which he had picked up a bargain in Petticoat Lane, a faded yellow shirt, with a large torn frill, velveteen trousers, turned up at the ankles, and Blucher boots that had never been blacked since the day when they last left the cobbler's stall. His color was unhealthily florid, his thick lips curled upward with a malicious grin, and his eyes were the nearest approach, in form and expression, to the eyes of a bull-terrier which those features are capable of achieving when they are placed in the countenance of a man. Any painter wanting to express strength, insolence, ugliness, coarseness, and cunning in the face and figure of one and the same individual could have discovered no better model for the purpose, all the world over, than he might have found in the person of Mr. Shrowl.

Neither master nor servant exchanged a word or took the smallest notice of each other on first meeting. Shrowl stood stolidly contemplative, with his hands in his pockets, waiting for his turn at the gridiron. Mr. Treverton finished his cooking, took his bacon to the table, and cutting himself a crust of bread, began to eat his breakfast. When he had disposed of the first mouthful he condescended to look up at Shrowl, who was at that moment opening his clasp-knife and approaching the side of bacon with slouching steps and sleepily greedy eyes.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Treverton, pointing with indignant surprise at Shrowl's breast. "You ugly brute, you've got a clean shirt on!"

"Thankee, Sir, for noticing it," said Shrowl, with a sarcastic affectation of extreme humility. "This is a joyful occasion, this is. I couldn't do less than put a clean shirt on when it's my master's birth-day. Many happy returns, Sir. Perhaps you thought I should not remember that to-day was your birth-day? Lord bless your sweet face, I wouldn't have forgot it on any account. How old are you to-day, Sir? Long time ago, Sir, since you was a plump, smiling little boy, with a frill round your neck, and marbles in your pocket, and trousers and waistcoat all in one, and kisses and presents from Pa and Ma and uncle and aunt, on your birth-day. Don't you be afraid of me wearing out this shirt by too much washing. I mean to put it away in lavender against your next birth-day; or against your funeral, which is just as likely at your time of life—isn't it, Sir?"

"Don't waste a clean shirt on my funeral," retorted Mr. Treverton. "I havn't left you any money in my will, Shrowl. You'll be on your way to the work-house, when I'm on my way to the grave."

"Have you really made your will, at last, Sir?" inquired Shrowl, pausing, with an appearance of the greatest interest, in the act of cutting off his slice of bacon. "I humbly beg pardon, but I always thought you was afraid to do it."

The servant had evidently touched intentionally on one of the master's sore points. Mr. Treverton thumped his crust of bread on the table, and looked up angrily at Shrowl.

"Afraid of making my will, you fool!" said he. "I don't make it, and I won't make it, on principle."

Shrowl slowly sawed off his slice of bacon, and began to whistle a tune.

"On principle," repeated Mr. Treverton. "Rich men who leave money behind them are the farmers who raise the crop of human wickedness. When a man has any spark of generosity in his nature, if you want to put it out, leave him a legacy. When a man is bad, if you want to make him worse, leave him a legacy. If you want to collect a number of men together for the purpose of perpetuating corruption and oppression on a large scale, leave them a legacy under the form of endowing a public charity. If you want to give a woman the best chance in the world of getting a bad husband, leave her a legacy. If you want to send young men to perdition; if you want to make old men loadstones for attracting all the basest qualities of mankind; if you want to set parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, all together by the ears, leave them money. Make my will! I have a pretty strong dislike of my species, Shrowl, but I don't quite hate mankind enough yet to do such mischief among them as that!" Ending his diatribe in these words, Mr. Treverton took down one of the battered pewter pots, and refreshed himself with a pint of beer.

Shrowl shifted the gridiron to a clear place in the fire, and chuckled sarcastically.

"Who the devil would you have me leave my money to?" cried Mr. Treverton, overhearing him. "To my brother, who thinks me a brute now; who would think me a fool then; and who would encourage swindling, anyhow, by spending all my money among doxies and strolling players? To the child of that player-woman, whom I have never set eyes on, who has been brought up to hate me, and who would turn hypocrite directly by pretending, for decency's sake, to be sorry for my death! To *you*, you human baboon!—you who would set up an usury-office directly, and prey upon the widow, the fatherless, and the unfortunate, generally, all over the world? Your good health, Mr. Shrowl! I can laugh as well as you—especially when I know I'm not going to leave you sixpence."

Shrowl, in his turn, began to get a little irritated now. The jeering civility which he had chosen to assume on first entering the room, gave place to his habitual surliness of manner and his natural growling intonation of voice.

"You just let me alone—will you?" he said, sitting down sulkily to his breakfast. "I've done joking for to-day; suppose you finish too. What's the use of talking nonsense about your money? You must leave it to somebody."

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Treverton. "I will leave it, as I have told you over and over again, to the first Somebody I can find who honestly despises money, and who can't be made the worse, therefore, by having it."

"That means nobody," grunted Shrowl.

"I know it does!" retorted his master.

"But you can't leave it to nobody," persisted Shrowl. "You must leave it to somebody. You can't help yourself."

"Can't I?" said Mr. Treverton. "I rather think I can do what I please with it. I can turn it all into bank-notes, if I like, and make a bonfire with them in the brew-house before I die. I should go out of the world then, knowing that I hadn't left materials behind me for making it worse than it is—and that would be a precious comfort to me I can tell you!"

Before Shrowl could utter a word of rejoinder, there was a ring at the gate-bell of the cottage.

"Go out," said Mr. Treverton, "and see what that is. If it's a woman-visitor show her what a scarecrow you are, and frighten her away. If it's a man-visitor—"

"If it's a man-visitor," interposed Shrowl, "I'll punch his head for interrupting me at my breakfast."

Mr. Treverton filled and lit his pipe during his servant's absence. Before the tobacco was well a-light, Shrowl returned, and reported a man-visitor.

"Did you punch his head?" asked Mr. Treverton.

"No," said Shrowl, "I picked up his letter. He poked it under the gate, and went away. Here it is."

The letter was written on foolscap paper, superscribed in a round legal hand. As Mr. Treverton opened it, two slips cut from newspapers dropped out. One fell on the table before which he was sitting; the other fluttered to the floor. This last slip Shrowl picked up, and looked over its contents, without troubling himself to go through the ceremony of first asking leave.

After slowly drawing in and slowly puffing out again one mouthful of tobacco-smoke, Mr. Treverton began to read the letter. As his eye fell on the first lines his lips began to work round the mouth-piece of the pipe in a manner that was very unusual with him. The letter was not long enough to require him to turn over the first leaf of it—it ended at the bottom of the opening sheet. He read it down to the signature—then looked up to the address, and went through it again from the beginning. His lips still continued to work round the mouth-piece of the pipe, but he smoked no more. When he had finished the second reading, he set the letter down very gently on the table, looked at his servant with an unaccustomed vacancy in the expression of his eyes, and took the pipe out of his mouth with a hand that trembled a little.

"Shrowl," he said, very quietly, "my brother is drowned."

"I know he is," answered Shrowl, without looking up from the newspaper-slip. "I'm reading about it here."

"The last words he said to me when we quarreled about the player-woman," continued Mr. Treverton, speaking as much to himself as to his servant, "were, that I should die without one kind feeling in my heart toward any living soul."

"So you will," muttered Shrowl, turning the slip over to see if there was any thing worth reading at the back of it.

"I wonder what he thought about me when he was dying?" said Mr. Treverton, abstractedly taking up the letter again from the table.

"He didn't waste a thought on you or any body else," remarked Shrowl. "If he thought at all, he thought about how he could save his life. When he had done thinking about that he had done living, too." With that expression of opinion Mr. Shrowl went to the beer-barrel, and drew his morning draught.

"Damn that player-woman!" muttered Mr. Treverton. As he said these words his face darkened and his lips closed firmly. He smoothed the letter out on the table. There seemed to be some doubt in his mind whether he had mastered all its contents yet—some idea that there was more in it—or that there ought to be more in it—than he had yet discovered. In going over it for the third time, he read it to himself aloud and very slowly, as if he was determined to fix every separate word firmly in his memory.

"Sir (he read)—As the old legal adviser and faithful friend of your family, I am desired by Mrs. Frankland, formerly Miss Treverton, to acquaint you with the sad news of your brother's death. This deplorable event occurred on board the ship of which he was captain, during a gale of wind in which the vessel was lost on a reef of rocks off the island of Antigua. I inclose a detailed account of the shipwreck extracted from the *Times*, by which you will see that your brother died nobly in the performance of his duty toward the officers and men whom he commanded. I also send a slip from the local Cornish paper, containing a memoir of the deceased gentleman.

"Before closing this communication I must add that no will has been found, after the most rigorous search, among the papers of the late Captain Treverton. Having disposed, as you know, of Porthgenna, the only property of which he was possessed at the time of his death was personal property, derived from the sale of his estate; and this, in consequence of his dying intestate, will go in due course of law to his daughter as his nearest of kin.

"I am, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"ALEXANDER NIXON."

The newspaper-slip, which had fallen on the table, contained the paragraph from the *Times*. The slip from the Cornish paper, which had dropped to the floor, Shrowl poked under his master's eyes in a fit of temporary civility, as soon as he had done reading it. Mr. Treverton took not the slightest notice either of the one paragraph or the other. He still sat looking at the letter, even after he had read it for the third time.

"Why don't you give the strip of print a turn, as well as the sheet of writing?" asked Shrowl. "Why don't you read about what a great man your brother was, and what a good life he led, and what a wonderful handsome daughter he's left behind him, and what a capital marriage she's made along with the man that's owner of your old family estate. *She* don't want your money now, at any-rate! The ill wind that blowed her father's ship on the rocks has blowed forty thousand pounds of good into her lap. Why don't you read about it? She and her husband have got a better house in Cornwall than you have got here. Ain't you glad of that? They were going to have repaired the place from top to bottom for your brother to go and live along with 'em in clover when he come back from sea. Who will ever repair a place for you? I wonder whether your niece would knock the old house about for your sake, now, if you was to clean yourself up and go and ask her?"

At that last question, Shrowl paused in the work of aggravation—not for want of more words, but for want of encouragement to utter them. For the first time since they had kept house together, he had tried to provoke his master and had failed. Mr. Treverton listened, or appeared to listen, without moving a muscle—without the faintest change to anger in his face. The only words he said when Shrowl had done, were these two—

"Go out!"

Shrowl was not an easy man to move, but he absolutely changed color when he heard that unprecedented and uncompromising command. After leading his master, from the first days of their sojourn together in the house, just as he pleased, could he believe his ears when he heard himself suddenly ordered to leave the room?

"Go out!" reiterated Mr. Treverton. "And hold your tongue henceforth and forever, about my brother and my brother's daughter. I never have set eyes upon the player-woman's child, and I never will. Hold your tongue—leave me alone—go out!"

"I'll be even with him for this," thought Shrowl, as he slowly withdrew from the room. When he had closed the door, he listened outside it, and heard Mr. Treverton push aside his chair, and walk up and down, talking to himself. Judging by the confused words that escaped him, Shrowl concluded that his thoughts were still running on the "player-woman" who had set his brother and himself at variance. He seemed to feel a barbarous sense of relief in venting his dissatisfaction with himself, after the news of Captain Treverton's death, on the memory of the woman whom he hated so bitterly, and on the child whom she had left behind her. After a while, the low rumbling tones of his voice ceased altogether. Shrowl peeped through the keyhole, and saw that he was reading the newspaper-slips which contained the account of the shipwreck and the Memoir of his brother. The latter adverted to some of those family particulars which the vicar of Long Beckley had mentioned to his guest; and the writer of the Memoir concluded by expressing a hope that the bereavement which Mr. and Mrs. Frankland had suffered would not ultimately interfere with their project for repairing Porthgenna Tower, after they had gone the length already of sending a builder to survey the place. Something in the wording of that paragraph seemed to take Mr. Treverton's memory back to his youth-time, when the old family house had been his home. He whispered a few words to himself which gloomily referred to the days that were gone, rose from his chair impatiently, threw both the newspaper-slips into the fire, watched them while they were burning, and sighed when the black gossamer ashes floated upward on the draught, and were lost in the chimney.

The sound of that sigh startled Shrowl as the sound of a pistol-shot might have startled another man. His bull-terrier's eyes opened wide in astonishment, and he shook his head ominously as he walked away from the door.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"May it please the Court," said the learned counsel on rising, "if ever there was a case which more than any other case required careful comparison with former cases, this case is that case." And the judge, interrupting him, asked, "Which case, brother?"

In Liverpool there is one beer-shop to 160 of the population, and the arrests for crime one to every fifteen of the people.

"Madam," said old Bogen to his boarding-house keeper, "in primitive countries beef is often the legal tender; but, madam," said he, emphatically thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the laws in Christendom couldn't make *this* beef *tender*."

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady. "A gentleman," said she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

The purest joy that we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

Governor Clark, who has just retired from the gubernatorial chair of this State, obtained an unenviable notoriety for the readiness with which he granted pardons. It is said that he was being shaved the other day, when the barber accidentally tweaked his nose a little too hard. "Pardon me," said he, very naturally. "Put your hand in my coat pocket and pull one out," said the kind-hearted Governor; "I'll fill it up for you when you're done."

Well might Coleridge say that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing round a poor man's window was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible which he saw lying within.

A Boston paper accounts for the fact that some persons always go out of a concert-room just before the last piece, by supposing that they are servants who have received permission to stay out only a part of the evening.

A favorite magpie, which had been accustomed to receive its daily bits from the mouth of its mistress, one day perched as usual on her shoulder, and inserted his beak between her lips, not, as it was proved, to receive, but to give or hide; for as one good turn deserves another, the grateful bird dropped an immense green, fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth.

The *Taunton* (Massachusetts) *Gazette* says: "At one of the churches, where an annual charitable collection was taken up on the last Sabbath, the amount contributed nominally exceeded the usual sum, but was almost entirely in the depreciated foreign coin."

It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of a severe retaliation, and not to exercise it.

Judge Rohan was a grouty old magistrate, never known to speak well of any body, cold-blooded, selfish, and yet declared on all hands to be a good judge, for he hated every one just alike.

A family of ladies in Northampton, Massachusetts, have had seventeen husbands among them, though the family consists only of a mother and four daughters. The mother has had four husbands, and one daughter four; the other daughters three each.

Leigh Hunt had brought some good tidings to Carlyle, which so delighted Mrs. Carlyle, who was in the room, that she sprang up from her chair and kissed the "newsman." Leigh sent her two bottles of apple-jack next morning, with these verses:

Jenny kissed me when we met,
  Springing from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
  Sweets into your book, put that in!
Say I'm ugly—say I'm sad—
  Say that health and wealth have missed me—
Say I'm growing old—but add,
  Jenny kissed me!

It is said that once, when Robert Hall was confined in an insane hospital, while suffering under an attack of insanity, a visitor passing through one of the wards asked him what brought him there? "What never will bring you," was Hall's prompt reply; "too much brain."

"Madam," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," replied the lady, "would make it a desert."

The pleasure of doing good is a pleasure that never wears out. The pleasure of being good is another of the same sort.

Chasing a rail-car is a very unprofitable kind of exercise. Patrick got out to take some refreshment. The train was off without him. "Stop, there!" he shouted after it. "Stop, ye ould stame-wagin, ye've got a passinger aboard that's left behind!"

In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board, with this inscription: "Take notice that when the waters is over this board the road is impassable."

It is said that in Memphis there is a negro who possesses an estate worth $50,000. The negro belongs to his wife, a free woman, and the property is held in her name. There are a good many wealthy whites in these parts whose property is held in the same way.

"I'm going to draw this beau into a knot," as the lady said when standing at the hymeneal altar.

There is an old saw which says that Content is the true philosopher's stone. Brown says it's very likely, for nobody has ever found either one or the other.

A country lecturer, some years since, thus described part of his apparatus:

"Now, gentlemen, this 'ere vessel is full of air, and that 'ere vessel is full of waccum."

A young lady, after dancing all the night and several hours longer, will generally find, on consulting the looking-glass, that the evening's amusements will not bear the morning's reflection.

Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
  Find naught to please or to exalt;
Their constant study but to show
  Perpetual modes of finding fault—
While others, in the ceaseless round
  Of daily wants and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
  And *twice* enjoy the joy they *share*.
Oh! happy they who happy *make*,
  Who, *blessing*, still themselves are blest;
Who something spare for others' sake,
  And strive in all things for the best!

Children ask some curious questions. A little boy came home from Sabbath-school one day, and meeting his mother, the following dialogue took place: "Mamma, the teacher says people are all made of dust." "Yes, my dear, so the Bible says." "Well, mamma, are white people made of dust?" "Yes." "Well, then, I s'pose *colored people are made of coal-dust, ain't they?*"

Worrying continually about something or nothing is a popular mode of suicide.

A celebrated dandy was one evening in company with a young lady, and, observing her kiss her favorite poodle, he advanced, and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown to the dog. "Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog when he was a puppy."

A lovely woman is one of the institutions of this country—angels in silks or calico. The men rise up before her when she enters the rail-car, and stand around her like marks of admiration.

When the belle of sixteen gets sight of a beau,
  She scarcely can peep through the leaves of her fan;
Her heart all a-flutter, her cheek all a-glow,
  She tremblingly simpers out, "Who is the man?"
Twenty has brought her to years of discretion,
  She blushes no longer, but alters her plan,
Thinks of the pocket, the place, the profession,
  And looks round the circle with "What is the man?"
At thirty, each day she looks at the mirror,
  And sees that some leaves of the rose have grown wan,
Her circle of lovers thin, and, in terror,
  She duns the deceiver (?) with "Which is the man?"
Forty changes the tune, and, grown romantic,
  Finds it pretty to sigh, play, sing, and look wan;
Haunts watering-places, steams the Atlantic,
  For the object of life is, "Where is the man?"

A newspaper in Lawrence, Mass., mentions it as a custom in that region of country for the women to remain in the church after the service is ended, until all the men have retired from the sanctuary.

A conceited fellow, in introducing his friend, said, "Gentlemen, I assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems." The gentleman immediately replied, "That is exactly the difference between my friend and myself."

"I am a lawyer, Sir—an ornament to the Bar."

"You are, eh? so is a decanter; both may be used in a knock-down argument. You are an ornament, but, like all such, you are of very little practical use."

"But, Sir, I have left off pettifogging, and have got into the Common Pleas."

"And your Common Pleas are a subject of general ridicule."

"But, Sir, I have got into the big Court through a matter of necessity."

"The proverb says, that 'necessity knows no law'—a remark peculiarly applicable to your *case*."

"If Thalberg makes such music when he is only *playing*," said a lady the other day, "what must he do when he sets himself at work!"

We are told that, in the time of Livy, there was a rhetorician who made his scholars *correct* every sentence of their writings that was intelligible. The greatest praise was, when one should say at the close of an oration, "I do not understand a word of it."

An Athenian who wanted eloquence, but was a brave and capable man, listened to his rival's eloquent speech, and then said, "Men of Athens, all that he *said*, I will do." We have not a few in our times who *say* much more than they do.

Government land can be bought for a dollar an acre. Many a man dies landless who has paid $2 a bottle for Champagne, and so swallowed in his lifetime many a township, trees and all.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday Evening, Feb. 23, 1857.*

We note a continued import of Foreign Goods, which may be fitly characterized as excessive. The trade movement of the week at this port sums up as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Feb. 21, 1857,	$5,064,657....	$1,619,308
Corresponding week, 1856,	3,719,712....	1,323,237
Increase this year	$1,344,945....	$296,071

The gold export was only $279,666, against $740,729 same week last year.

Throughout the past week the demand for money has been in excess of the supply, and persons requiring means for their business have submitted to heavy discounts. Toward the close of the week, money was a trifle easier, and a bold upward movement took place in the speculative stocks; but to-day, the rise has been lost, and further apprehension of a gold drain is freely expressed. It was expected in certain circles that the *Asia* would bring accounts of a new rise in the rate of interest by the Bank of England; but the Directors have resolved to postpone any such measure for the present. The Bank movements, both in France and England, are regarded with anxiety; though it is generally believed that both in England and France the Governments and Legislatures will adopt the measures required by the true interests of trade.

The House of Representatives have passed, by a large vote, Mr. Campbell's tariff bill, increasing the free list. As the chief articles on which controversy had arisen are not materially affected by this bill, it is hoped that the Senate and Executive will concur in it, and that it will become a law.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday Evening, Feb. 23, 1857.*

The mild weather of the past week has favored activity in trade. Navigation on Western and Southern rivers has been partially resumed, thus adding to the facilities for getting the produce remaining in the interior to market. Railway communication has been more regular, and the receipts of the leading commodities, here, have been somewhat heavier. Owners of Breadstuffs have manifested less confidence, in view of the prospective addition to our available supplies, and under the influence of the severe pressure in money matters. The demand has not been vary brisk. Western Canal Flour has fallen to $6 25 @ $6 95 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 60 @ $8 50 for low to choice extra brands; superfine to extra Canadian is down to $6 45 @ $7 65; and mixed to fancy Southern can be had at from $6 75 @ $9 00 per barrel. Home dealers are the leading buyers. The export purchases are limited. With a light supply and moderate inquiry, fine to superfine Rye Flour is still worth from $3 50 @ $5 25; while Corn Meal brings $3 25 for Jersey, and $3 70 @ $3 75 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat is tame; parties differ about prices; the restricted transactions of the week were at about previous figures; but large sales could not be effected unless at reduced rates. The stock is moderate. Mixed Corn is less abundant and in improved demand, closing at 73½ @ 74½ c. per bushel. Rye has declined to 90 @ 95 c., with more sellers than buyers, while Barley has risen to $1 15 @ $1 42½ for very common to strictly prime, the supply being inadequate to the demand. Oats are salable and steady. Cotton finds ready buyers at advancing rates. Middling Uplands leave off at 13¾; do. Gulfs at 13¾ @ 13⅞ c. per pound. Provisions are arriving slowly, while they are more sought after, and are increasing in value. Pork is up to $21 15 @ $21 75 for Mess; and $17 50 @ $18 00 for Prime, per barrel. Large sales of Mess, deliverable before the 20th of next November, seller's option, were reported at $21 00 per barrel. The news from the West speaks of a deficiency of about 28 per cent. in the hog slaughtering this, as compared with the preceding season. Country Mess Beef commands $10 75 @ $13 00; prime do. $10 00 @ $10 50, per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $20 00 @ 28 00 per tierce. Prime Lard, in barrels, is worth 14¼ @ 14½ c. per pound. The bulk of the week's sales—which reached a large amount—were for future delivery. Groceries have been in fair request, without any further fluctuation in prices. Domestic Whisky has been in moderate supply and demand, closing at 28 @ 28½ c. per gallon. An improved inquiry has existed for Wool at very full rates. The stock of domestic and foreign Wool is quite light. No important changes can be noticed in other articles.

The Live Stock Market displayed less vigor. The supply, at the beginning, apparently fell short of what was necessary to satisfy purchasers; but it was subsequently increased, and exceeded the demand. This induced reserve among buyers, and heaviness in prices. Several lots of Cattle, of good and prime quality, were offered, and speedily disposed of at very fair rates. The general run of Stock, however, was not above an ordinary average. The week's receipts, according to the returns from the principal markets, comprised 3227 Beeves, 264 Milch Cows, 374 Veal Calves, 6945 Sheep and Lambs, and 1535 Swine, against 2545 Beeves, 263 Milch Cows, 426 Veal Calves, 8400 Sheep and Lambs, and 450 Swine, the preceding week. The range of prices for Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 9¼ for the poorest to 16 c. for premium cattle, per pound, the general average rates—as shown by the returns of sales—being 10¼ @ 11¼ c. per pound. The bulk of the supply of Beeves was furnished by three States—New York, Ohio, and Illinois. Milch Cows, with Calves at their sides, were comparatively plenty, while the demand was tame, and prices of poor to medium fell off $3 00 @ $5 00 per head. The range was from $25 00 for common to $70 00 for extra, per head. Most of the reported sales were at from $30 00 @ $50 00 per head. Veal Calves were somewhat less abundant, and were in good request at full rates. Sheep and Lambs were also in reduced supply, and generally 50 @ 75 c. per head higher, with a fair inquiry. Though Swine were not over-abundant, a limited demand injured prices. Corn-fed Hogs were worth but 7¼ c. for live, and 9 @ 9¼ c. for dressed, per pound. The mild weather does not favor the consumption of these.

The Country Produce Market is brisker. The weather serves producers, by enabling them to send their supplies into market; while the reduction in prices, caused by this movement, nurtures the inquiry from consumers. Most kinds of fruit are rather scarce; while the stock of vegetables is generally good and increasing. Onions are the rarest, but they are likewise beginning to arrive in larger quantities. Barn-yard produce is not so plenty; and for this prices continue high. The supply of game is fair, and holders offer it with freedom. The demand is moderate.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel...	$2 50	@	$5 00
" good to extra, per barrel....	$5 00	@	$7 00
" Dried, State, per pound......	9¼	@	10½
" " Southern, per pound .	8½	@	9
Cranberries, per barrel	$11 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound...........	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$1 00	@	$1 50
Potatoes, per barrel	$2 00	@	$4 00
Onions, Red, per barrel.............	$2 50	@	—
" Yellow, per barrel..........	$2 25	@	$2 50
" White, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$3 50	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel.........	$1 25	@	—
Beets, per barrel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	—
Turnips, per barrel.................	62½	@	$1 25
Cabbages, per 100	$3 50	@	$7 50
Celery, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Garlic, per 100 bunches.............	$7 00	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	22
" State, per pound	20	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound............	12	@	13
Lard, per pound.....................	14¼	@	14½
Roasting Pigs, each	$2 00	@	$4 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	25	@	37
Fowls, per pound....................	12	@	18
Ducks, Domestic, per pound..........	18	@	22
Turkeys, per pound	9	@	14
Geese, per pound	7½	@	10
Pigeons, tame, per dozen............	$1 50	@	$1 75
Quail, per dozen	$2 00	@	—
Partridges, per pair	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair..............	62½	@	75
Rabbits, per pair	31	@	37
Hares, per pair.....................	50	@	65
Venison, carcass, per pound	6	@	8
" saddle, per pound	9	@	11
Bear Meat, per pound	18	@	31

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